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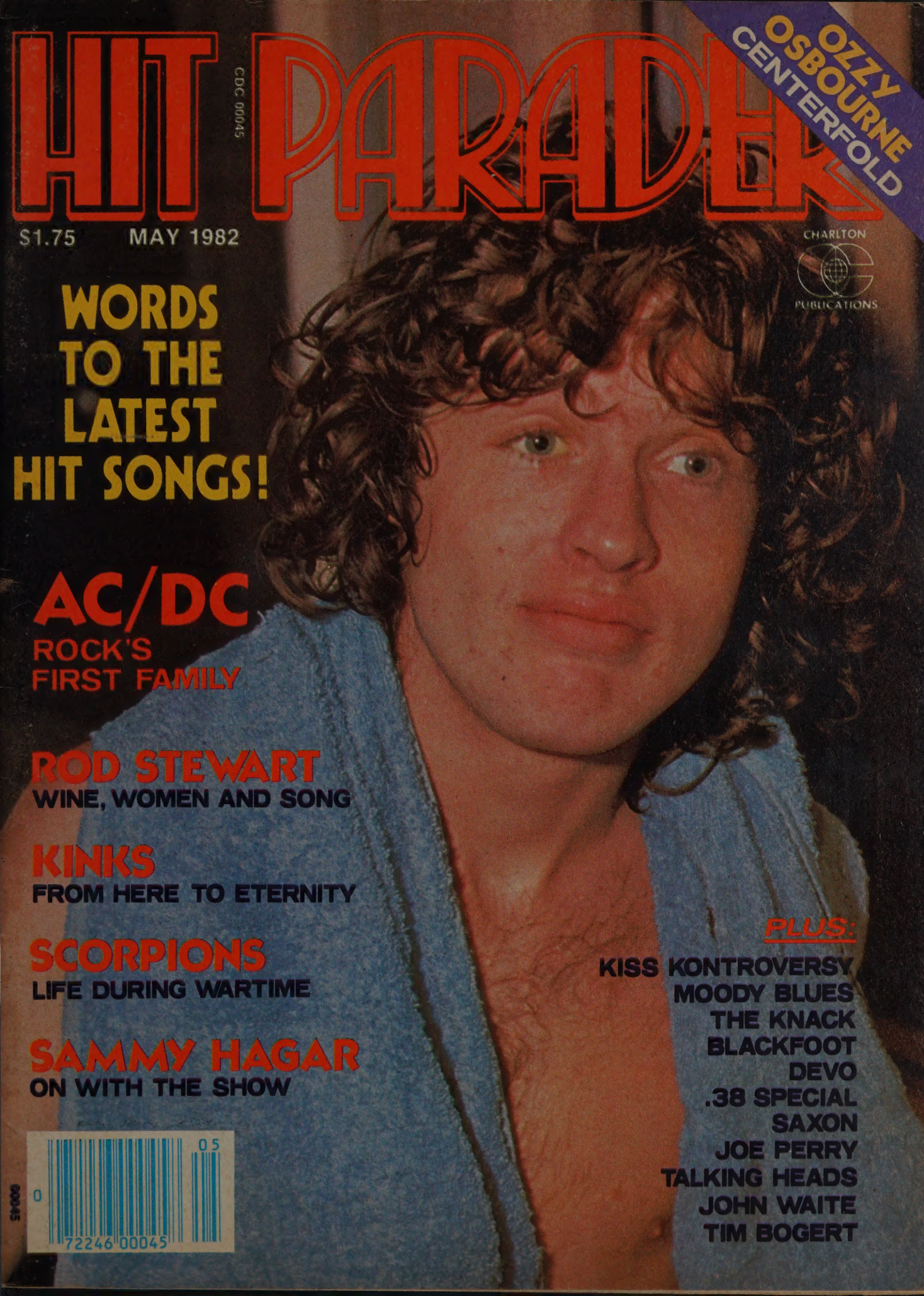

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ROCK'S FIRST FAMILY

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FROM HERE TO ETERNITY

SCORPIONS
LIFE DURING WARTIME

SAMMY HAGAR
ON WITH THE SHOW

PLUS:

KISS KONTROVERSY
MOODY BLUES
THE KNACK
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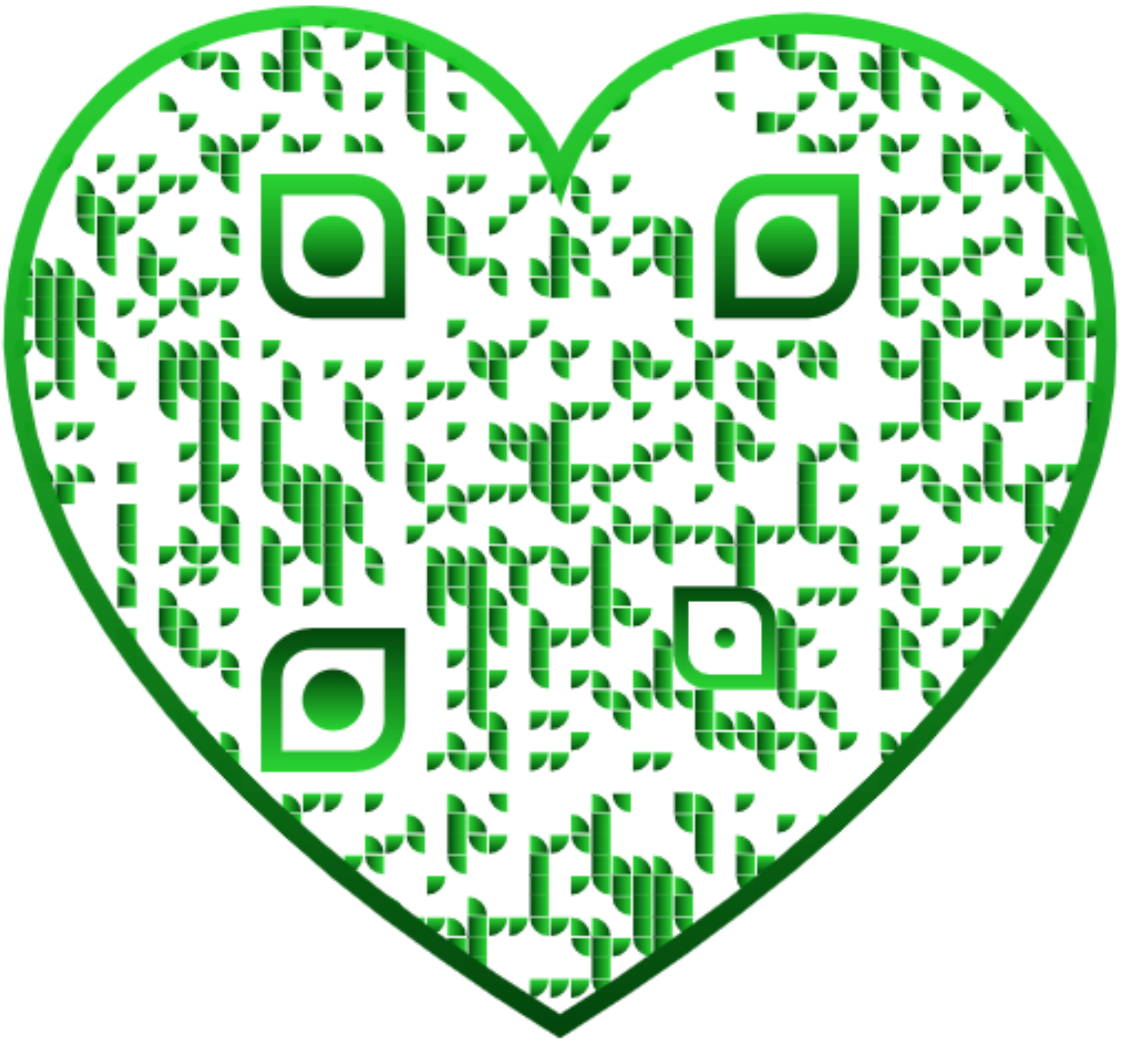

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NUMBER 212
MAY 1982

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Contributing Photographers

Neal Preston, Neil Zlozower, Retna Photos, Ebet Roberts, Laurie Paladino, SheriLynn Behr, Lisa DuBois, Steve Namm, Gary Gershoff, Richard Aaron/Thunder Thumbs, Bob Mattheu, Bob Leafe, Bob Sorce, Ron Pownall, Russell Turiak, Topix, Bob Gruen, Michael Marks, Jeff Mayer/Rainbow, Judie Burstein, Kate Simon, Kink Kume, Paul Natkin/Photo Reserve, Photofeatures, Marcia Resnick, Lynn Goldsmith.

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Cover Photo: Angus Young ©by Peter Mazel Ozzy Osbourne Centerfold by Mark Weiss

Superstar Quotes

THE NAKED TRUTH

Words Of Wisdom From Rock's Elite: It Only Hurts When You Laugh (Taken From Exclusive Hit Parader Interviews, Of Course)

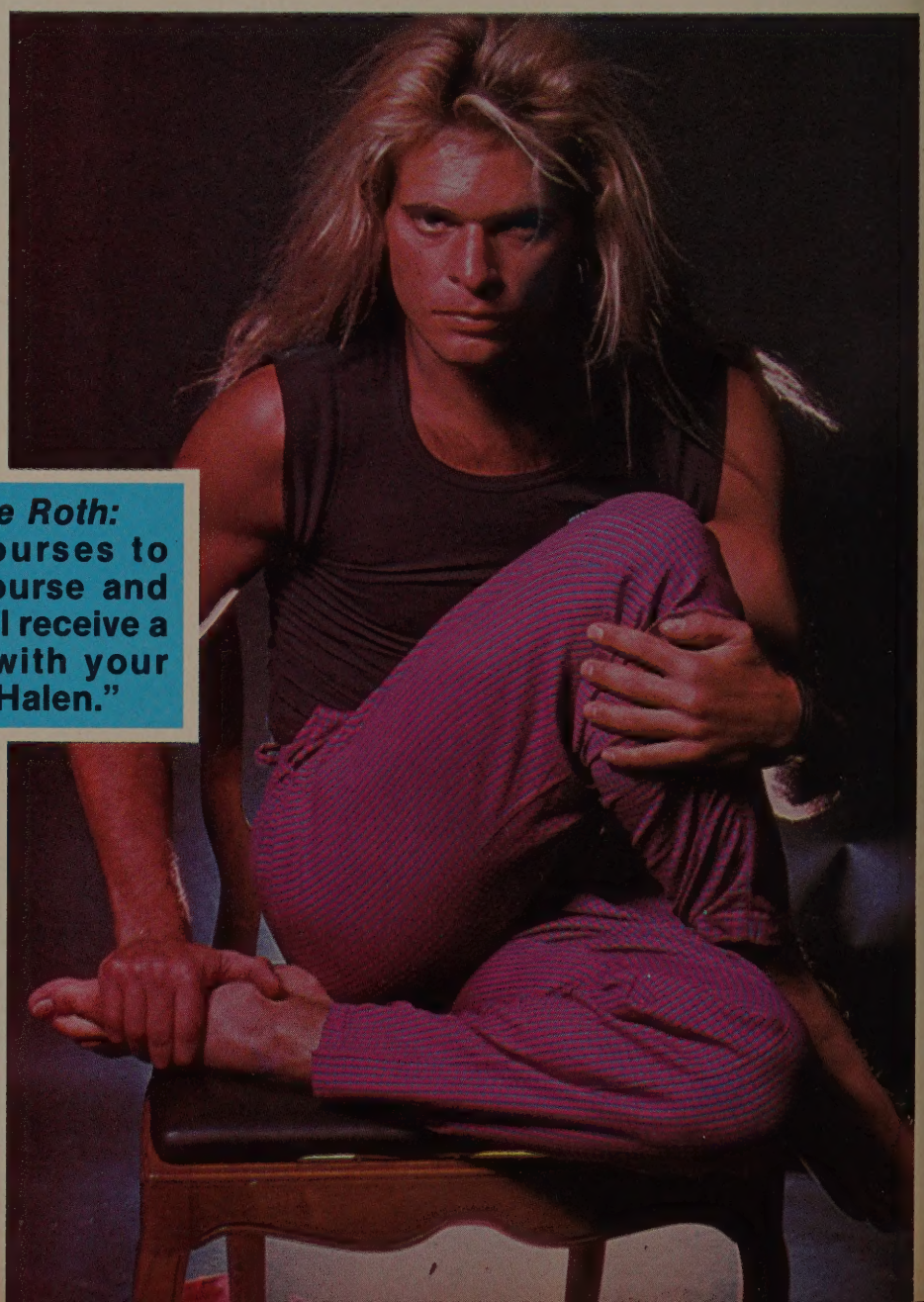
Ozzy Osbourne:
"Let everybody know that I'm just as evil and just as crazy as ever."

Elvis Costello:
"If others share my outlet, that's fine. Just don't expect me to bend to meet their demands."

Van Halen's David Lee Roth:
"There will be two courses to choose from — intercourse and outercourse. Winners will receive a free half-hour of sex with your favorite member of Van Halen."

Peter Criss:
"The singer I respect the most is Sinatra."

AC/DC's Angus Young:
"I saw all the women and I figured that looked good. I was horny. I got a guitar off my brother and I started playing anything."



Cheap Trick's Rick Nielsen:
"It's not like we're gonna get drunk or chase women up and down the street on motorcycles — we do that, too, but we do other stuff."

The Clash's Paul Simonon:
"There was a big fight near the stage and there was me and Joe leaping into the audience and fightin' with people."

Pat Benatar:
"If I did as many drugs as people think rock and roll people do, I'd be dead."

Rush's Neil Peart:
"I realize that much of what we did on our earlier albums went over our audience's head."

Paul Simon:
"I haven't been paying attention to anything but me for a couple of years and I'm tired of it."

Heart's Nancy Wilson:
"There was a picture of Ann and myself cheek to cheek ... which was insinuating a real kind of Lesbian-type thing."

Led Zeppelin's Jimmy Page:
"This band has always been a rather strange and precarious venture."

Molly Hatchet's Dave Hlubek:
"Our band is definitely one in times past to whip ass when we have to. We're aggressive, but that's not uncommon. Somebody's always accommodating us. If you're looking for trouble, there's always some way you can find it."

Kiss' Paul Stanley:
"The filth that I've kept under the rug has been so incredible."

Tom Petty:
"It started getting crazy about a year ago, curious kids who somehow found out where I lived."

Blondie's Debbie Harry:
"Americans are so spoiled and ignorant about the rest of the world. We're so rich and our lifestyles are so comparatively high, it's appalling. Give me a break."

Eric Clapton:
"I can't charge around the world or the stage like I used to."

Def Leppard's Joe Elliott:
"We want to play as loud and as often as possible, and if anyone can't take what we play, let 'em listen to the bleedin' Bee Gees."

The Doobie Brothers' Michael McDonald:
"Then all of a sudden you're locking a motel-room door behind you, and now you're alone with yourself. You don't want to be human anymore. You want to be this imaginary thing, this *Michael McDonald*, who people think you are."

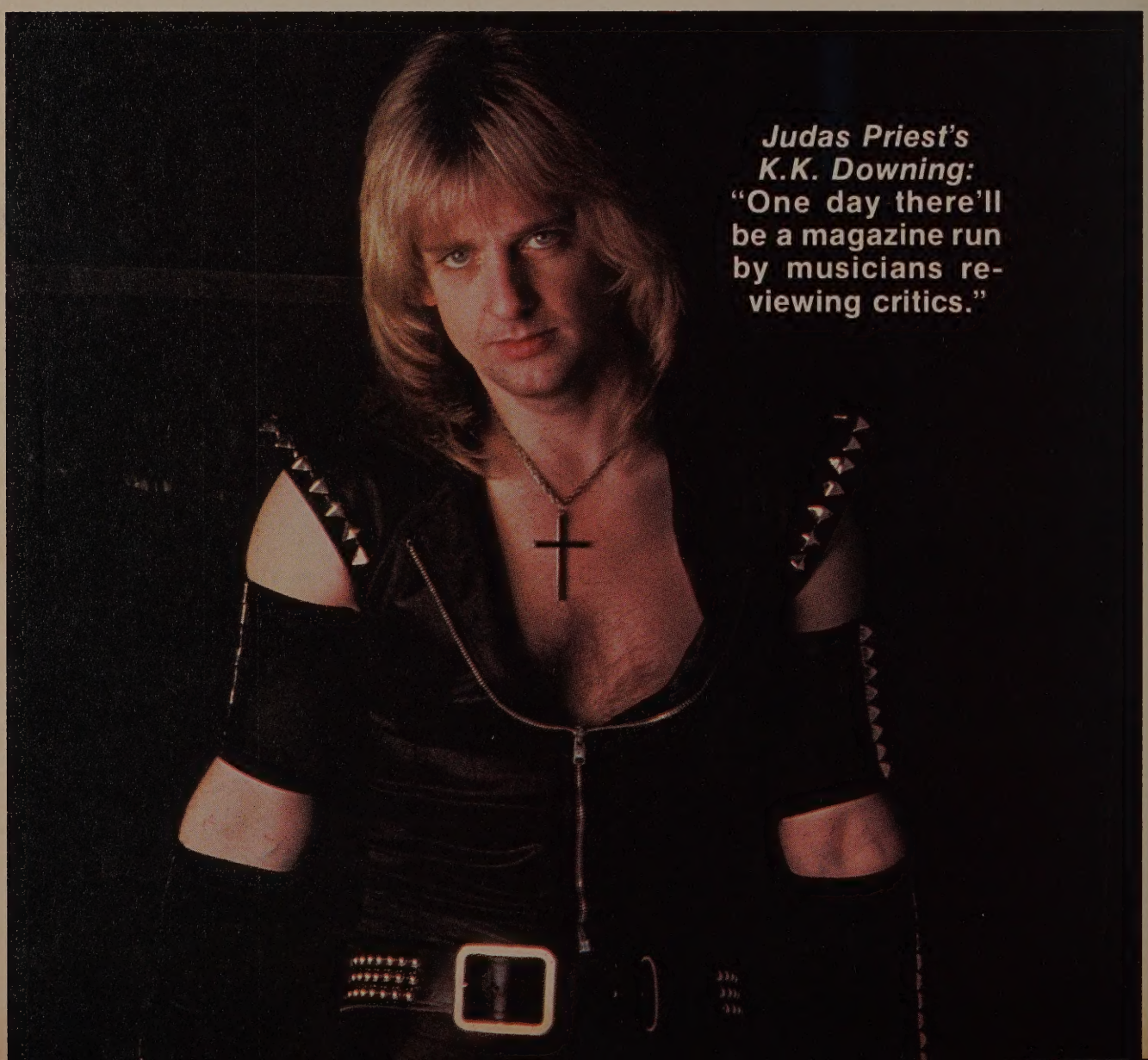
Alice Cooper:
"I go out and take them by the throat. It's like raping them. And I don't let them go. They have no chance."

The Who's Roger Daltrey:
"The older I get the less this rock and roll business fulfils me."

Black Sabbath's Tony Iommi:
"I think some people actually expect us to go around performing exorcisms and sucking blood from people's necks. We haven't done anything like that for weeks."

REO Speedwagon's Kevin Cronin:
"By the way, those things won't get you high. They're for my ulcers."

Olivia Newton-John:
"I will bow out gracefully before it bows out on me."



Judas Priest's K.K. Downing:
"One day there'll be a magazine run by musicians reviewing critics."

Foreigner's Lou Gramm:
"I have a very tight circle of friends who I can be myself with ... and the others I'm very uncomfortable with. It's easy to be exploited now that I'm in this situation."

Paul McCartney:
"I'll shake hands and sign a little something, but if I can get out of it, I do."

Rainbow's Ritchie Blackmore:
"Deep Purple is a thing of the past. I never want to go through an experience like that again."

The Police's Sting:
"I got half an hour to write a song, ten minutes to say hello to the wife, five minutes to read a story to my kid. The rest of the time is taken up by the Police and becoming the biggest group in the world."

ELO's Bev Bevan:
"The same people who dismiss us will rave about some new band. A lot of these new bands can't play."

Queen's Roger Taylor:
"We made a lot of mistakes. Some things we've done I thought were truly horrendous."

Peter Frampton:
"You say to yourself that you won't listen to what critics say, but in your heart you know that is impossible."

CARMINE APPICE

THE WRITING'S ON THE WALL

A growing legend, Carmine Appice's future in rock is as inevitable as his past. After co-founding Vanilla Fudge, Cactus, and Beck, Bogert & Appice, Carmine became the driving force behind the Rod Stewart band, co-writing and performing such classic rockers as "Da Ya Think I'm Sexy?" and the current smash, "Young Turks."

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Styx's Dennis De Young:
"Let the press get its kicks by calling us shallow and predictable. As long as the fans keep responding, we'll be happy."

Mick Jagger:
"I don't like hanging out in nightclubs unless I want to pick up girls."

Bob Seger:
"Me and my buddies were always around downtown, copping beer, cruising the back streets, trying to walk like the heroes walking down Main Street. And those are the things you never forget."

Rossington Collins Band's Leon Wilkeson:
"I'm anticipating a possible marriage between Gary Rossington and Dale Krantz, but that's only speculative rumor."

Joe Jackson:
"When you're successful, a lot of people listen to what you say but don't believe you anymore."

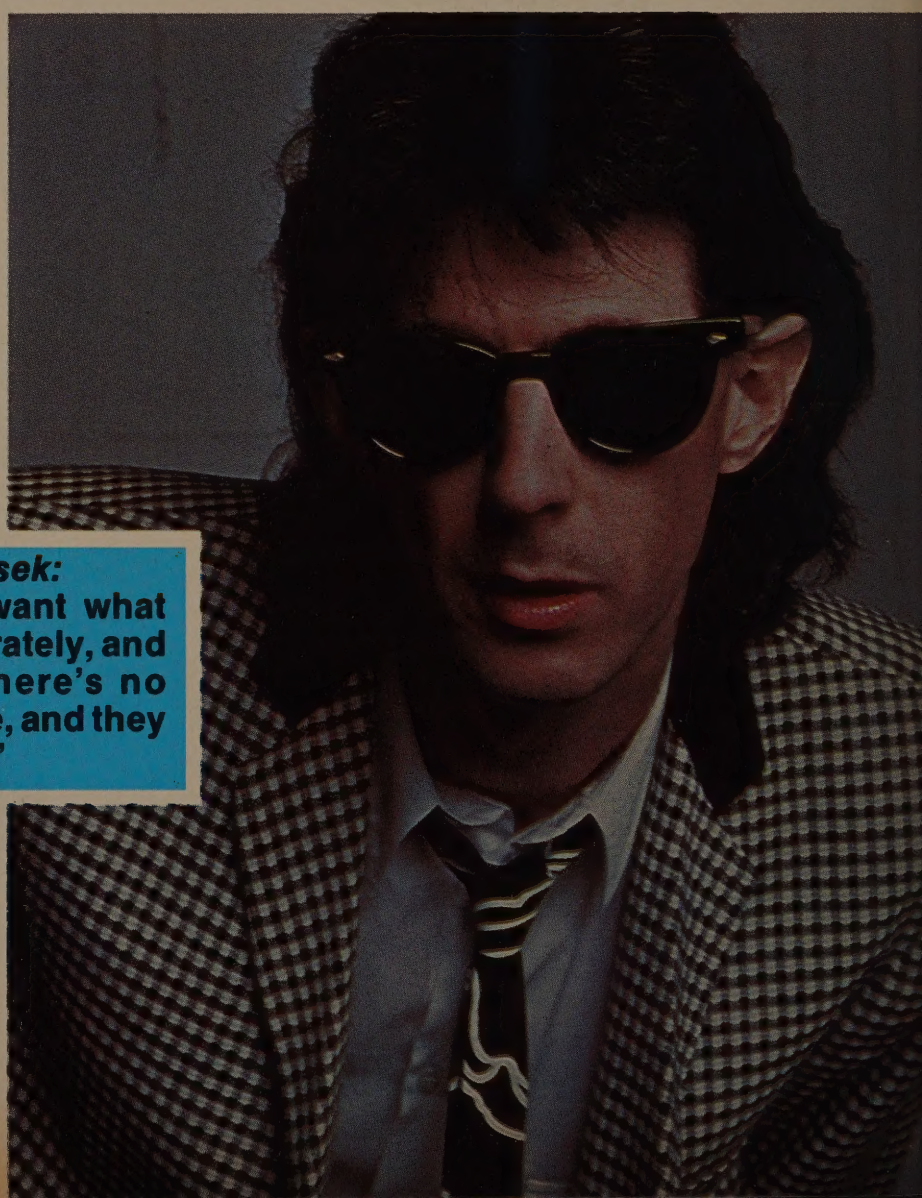
Adam Ant:
"If you give me a choice of seeing a rock band or Liberace, I'd be in the front row for Liberace."

Fleetwood Mac's Stevie Nicks:
"I don't want to be written up in fifty years as a miserable old woman who never got to do anything but tour and be famous for ten years and then it was all over."

Ringo Starr:
"I'm an only child, and I loved John as a brother."

Billy Joel:
"My lyrics owe a lot to other people. I just change the names to protect the innocent."

Ted Nugent:
"Charley, you have to go on the road, man. The most beautiful girls show up at the gate. It's a dream, man, just a dream!"



The Cars' Ric Ocasek:
"A lot of times people want what they don't have so desperately, and when they do get it, there's no reason to want it anymore, and they look for something else."

Journey's Steve Perry:
"My first tour with the band was really wild. We had all the old Journey fans on one side of the hall and all the new fans on the other."

WE READ YOUR Mail

The Kiss Kontroversy Kontinues

C'mon everybody. I mean really! I can't believe that the American people let Kiss get *this* far! Just look at them — they're a bunch of a-holes! It's punk rock through and through, which is just a sorry spinoff of the real music — rock and roll. They're just a bunch of grown men who try to act out their sexual frustrations on stage and in their so-called music. It's kiddy stuff, it's old and it's not worth the vinyl they tape the crap on. We want some real rock and roll!

Kathy Huss
Melbourne, Fl.

I've been a Kiss fan from the very start and it hasn't been the makeup, platform shoes and Gene Simmons posters that kept me interested. It was the kick-ass rock and roll that Kiss always has, does and will continue to play.

Scott Hornberger
Mount Laurel, N.J.

Way to go **Hit Parader!** It's about time one good rock magazine is bringing back Kiss. Kiss was the most popular rock band in the world a couple of years ago. They're bigger than ever abroad, and there's still thousands of us American fans who will buy every **Hit Parader** magazine with a good Kiss article or centerfold. So please don't forget the greatest band in the land, Kiss! The Kiss Army marches on!

Rich Martin
Weston, Ma.

One of your readers wrote that Eddie Van Halen could blow away Kiss' Ace Frehley, but he doesn't know what the hell a guitarist is. That's like comparing David to Goliath. Ace is the mentor. Eddie still wears diapers.

A true Kiss fan
Ashland, Pa.

Ace can blow away Eddie anytime, and he doesn't need custom-built guitars to do it!

Cindy Bellia
Hannibal, Oh.

One genetic mistake wants to compare a so-called lead guitarist named Eddie Van Halen to Ace Frehley? Eddie Van Halen? Ace doesn't have to try to blow anyone away. He and Jimi Hendrix are the best guitarists of all time.

Greg Eiffert
Metairie, La.

Eddie cannot blow Ace away. It's the other way around. I've seen Eddie play. Eddie was my second fave, but no more. It's Randy Rhoads of Ozzy Osbourne's band. He can definitely blow Eddie away!

Carl Ramallo
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Thanks so much for your excellent coverage of Kiss over the years. You cover the group without cutting or putting them down like other rock magazines. Thanks again.

Robert J. Conway
Warren, Oh.

Please, no more centerfolds of Kiss.

Gueorgui Lazarou Stoychev
Mexico

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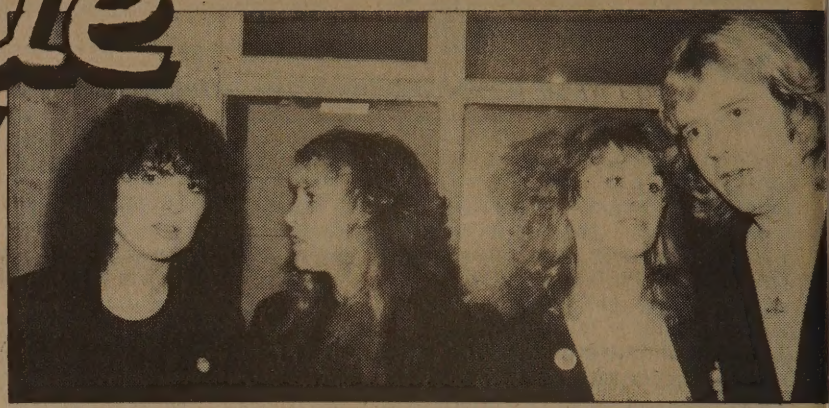
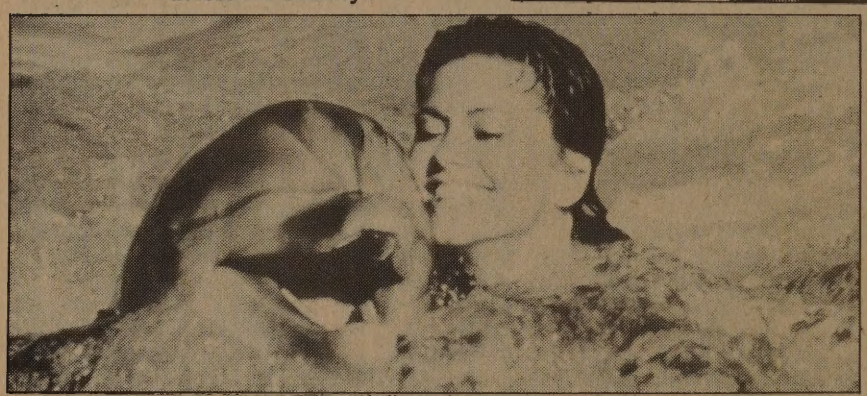
ROCK&ROLL Revue



Heart's Howard Leese struck it rich during a recent appearance on *The Dating Game*. He won a weekend with Nancy Wilson. Meanwhile, sister Ann and Stevie Nicks plot their revenge.

Our always alert photo staff snapped this gem moments before Sting's arrest. It seems that the defiant lead singer of the Police is a compulsive graffiti artist, having totally defaced dozens of Holiday Inns across the country.

Rumor has it that a prominent diet doctor convinced Meat Loaf to spend two weeks in a steam bath, without food. Then, after changing his name to String Bean, the skimpy leotard pictured here will comprise the singer's total wardrobe on his next tour.



Olivia Newton-John's *(Let's Get) Physical* was deemed unsuitable for airplay by a number of prudish radio stations. Their decision was based on an incident at *Marineland* where the park's dolphin sexually molested dozens of women after Olivia crooned the song's suggestive lyrics in his ear.

After reading *Hit Parader's* review of The Clash's most recent album, Paul Simonon and a couple of other band members visited our offices. Our editor's journalistic integrity is intact, but he's still searching for his missing teeth.

Holmes or Cooney. Cooney or Holmes. Peter Townshend hesitates for a moment before calling his bookie to wager on the heavyweight fight.

Photo credits: Sting by Janet Macoska/L.F.I., Howard Leese© by Chris Walter. Meat Loaf by Bob Sorle. Pete Townshend by David McGough/DMI. Paul Simonon© by Susan Phillips/LGI

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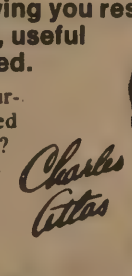

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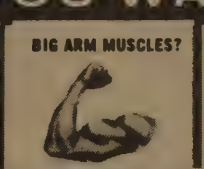

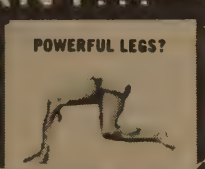

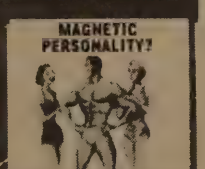

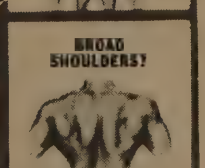

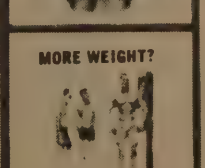

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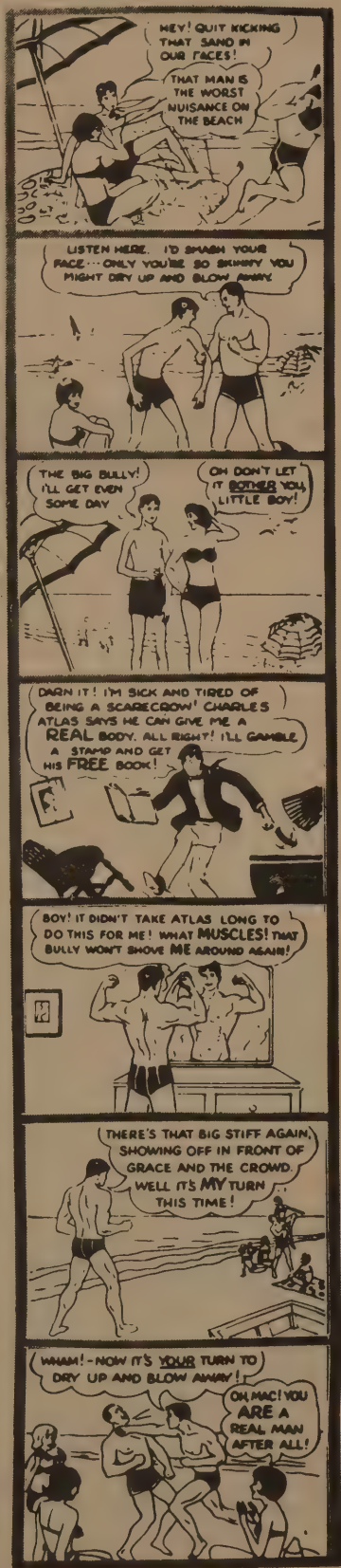
HEY! QUIT KICKING THAT SAND IN OUR FACES!
THAT MAN IS THE WORST NUISANCE ON THE BEACH
LISTEN HERE. I'D SMASH YOUR FACE··· ONLY YOU'RE SO SKINNY YOU MIGHT DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY.
THE BIG BULLY! I'LL GET EVEN SOME DAY
OH DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU, LITTLE BOY!
DARN IT! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING A SCARECROW! CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN GIVE ME A REAL BODY. ALL RIGHT! I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND GET HIS FREE BOOK!
BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE ATLAS LONG TO DO THIS FOR ME! WHAT MUSCLES! THAT BULLY WON'T SHOVE ME AROUND AGAIN!
THERE'S THAT BIG STIFF AGAIN, SHOWING OFF IN FRONT OF GRACE AND THE CROWD. WELL IT'S MY TURN THIS TIME!
WHAM! - NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY!
OH MAC! YOU ARE A REAL MAN AFTER ALL!

.38 SPECIAL

THE TURNING POINT

Southern Rockers No Longer Bite The Bullet

by Andy Secher

"Patience can be a virtue," .38 Special's Jeff Carlisi said as a sly smile creased his bearded face. "But sometimes it can be a royal pain in the ass."

For six long years, .38 Special displayed huge amounts of patience. They toured the nation for ten months a year, and recorded hard-rocking albums like **Special Delivery** and **Rockin' Into The Night** that won them a small but dedicated national following.

Despite all their efforts, however, they were going nowhere fast. Then, as Carlisi explained, "just when we were beginning to wonder if we'd ever be more than an opening act, everything started to change." With the release of last year's million-selling **Wild Eyed Southern Boys**, .38 were suddenly hot.

The album shot up the charts while spawning two hit singles, *Hold On Loosely* and *Fantasy Girl*, which garnered airplay in parts of the country that never before knew they existed. After all those years of playing what guitarist Don Barnes jokingly called "eight-nights-a-week rock and roll," .38 Special's patience was rewarded.

"All of a sudden the whole world opened up for us," vocalist Donnie Van Zant said, as he sat in the band's Atlanta recording studio. "We all felt that if we just kept pluggin' away, good things would start happening for us. We believed in what we were doing — even when things weren't going so well. Hell, when we were just starting out, third on the bill at some gigs, we still hit the stage like we were the headliners. In our heads we *were* the headliners," he laughed. "We thought that every last person out there had paid just to see us. That's why a little success now won't change our attitude one lick. The only difference is that now we got a few more people out there who agree with us."

Obviously the success of **Wild Eyed Southern Boys** hasn't dampened any of .38's hard rockin' energy. Their new album, **Breakin' Loose** is another potent dose of that "pop/boogie" sound. On songs like *Back On The Track* and *Rock 'n' Roll Prisoners*, Van Zant, Carlisi, Barnes, bassist Larry Junstrom and drummers Steve Brookins and Jack Grondin use deft instrumental skills and multi-faceted songwriting talents to show why they're one of the premier bands south of the Mason-Dixon line.

"We try to capture our live sound on record," Van Zant explained. "It's something that's almost impossible to do, but we've been gettin' closer and closer with each album. This is the closest we've come yet. The music's straight-forward, but we've made very good use of the studio. We spent about five or six weeks just getting the material ready for this album. Jeff, Don and I all had a ton of stuff we wanted to try out, so we took some extra time to get it all together. That approach really paid off. We've got songs like *Firestarter* and *Chain Lightnin'* which are 'killers.' I love every record we've ever done," he added with a grin, "but I've got to admit that I'm just head-over-heels in love with this one."

Now that their new album is completed, Van Zant and cohorts can't wait to pack their bags and hit the rock and roll trail, putting together their most ambitious tour schedule ever. In addition to a five-month-long American jaunt, they'll perform in England and on the Continent. As Van Zant explained, "for .38 Special home is where the amps are.

"We were all gettin' more than a little itchy after sittin' around the studio for three months working on the album," he said. "We feel more at home on the road. Making records is important to us as we learn the tricks of using the recording studio, but playin' live is still what it's all about. This'll be the first tour that we'll be able to headline everywhere, and that'll be a gas. Gettin' on stage for two hours every night will be heaven. We're like a puppy dog," he added with a smile, "you pat the dog on the head and he'll run circles for you all day. Well, the people gave us a pat on the head with the last album. Now we're ready to run circles for them any chance we get."□

.38 Special, from left: Jack Grondin, Larry Junstrom, Donnie Van Zant, Don Barnes, Jeff Carlisi, Steve Brookins.

WHAT BECOMES A LEGEND MOST?

BILLY SQUIER
TALKS ABOUT HIT PARADER T-SHIRTS

All of a sudden he's a superstar. His album, **Don't Say No**, is platinum, and our offices are flooded with mail for the man.

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So when Billy Squier tells us that he likes to hang out in his **HIT PARADER T-SHIRT**, we can dig it. Because we like to hang out with Billy Squier — so much so that we featured the Boston - based singer/guitarist in last months "Roots." Be warned! The man gets around. If you see a good-looking dude hanging out in your town, wearing a **HIT PARADER T-SHIRT**, don't be surprised if it's him. And as far as T-shirts go, don't say no .

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DEVO

DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHERS

Expect No Answer Other Than Your Own

by Steve Weitzman

Devo, those five musical spuds from Akron, Ohio, are living proof that new ideas are often met with fear and resistance. It's been four years since they burst on the scene with their debut LP, **Q: Are We Not Men? A: We Are Devo!**, and that outrageous performance of a humorously reworked version of *Satisfaction* on **Saturday Night Live.**

Despite quality albums and constant touring Devo remains one of the best kept secrets in rock and roll. As witnessed by shows from their most recent tour (which included two sold-out 6,000-seat Radio City Music Hall gigs), the band has developed into a powerhouse rock unit, with a highly original stage show. By fusing basic rock and roll with a funky back beat, Devo's performances blister with unique energy. They are as uplifting, exciting and danceable as any contemporary band.

Relaxing in his hotel room following a recent Washington, D.C. date, Devo lead singer Mark Mothersbaugh explains the problem: "A lot of kids who were afraid of our press — who never would have come see us because they never heard us on the radio — didn't really get interested in Devo until *Whip It* came out. People are afraid of new ideas."

Granted, on their first album (they now have four plus a six-song live EP) there were a few tracks that are off-the-wall, especially the title song. But there are also songs like *Mongoloid*, a straightahead classic rocker that highlights the current set and was a portent of things to come, a direct predecessor to *Whip It*.

About *Mongoloid* Mark says, "It had something for everybody — twisted lyrics for the intellectual elite and the jock beat under it." To emphasize the direction of the band, Mark states the obvious: "Devo is an energy band more than anything."

On the subject of the band's beliefs and lyrical stance, Mark makes an impassioned and forthright speech. "We looked around and saw things in a state of De-evolution," he says. "We saw things falling apart. We saw technology, instead of making life easier for people, creating pain. We saw people in the middle of George Orwell's **1984** and not even knowing it because they were all victims of doublethink. If we *could* do anything, it would be to modestly push for the politics of **Brave New World.**

"We talk about people cooperating with each other and redefining what freedom means. In this country people think freedom means owning big cars that consume lots of energy, and taking advantage of the next guy, taking lots of drugs, becoming fat and stupid. That's a perversion of what freedom means. Freedom to be big babies. It's a sickness of Western Civilization, but America is the focal point. We saw ourselves as a healthy energy that says, 'Wait. You don't have to buy that rap. You don't have to eat the same turds every day.' *Question* this shit before you mindlessly consume it. Say to yourself, 'Why am I doing this?'

"Kids go to a Ted Nugent or AC/DC concert and they come back subliminally saying, 'PCP is a cool drug, puking on somebody next to me is cool and it's OK to be stupid and to be an asshole!' But they come back from a Devo concert subliminally thinking, 'Hey, maybe it's right to question authority and make decisions based on information rather than misinformation and outmoded methods of thought.' "

After building up an appetite from the interview, Mark, synthesizer player Bob II (who still has his Devo outfit on) and several others decide to make a two A.M. stop at a still crowded local pizza parlor. One of the patrons spots Bob and asks him if he had gone to the Devo concert that night, an inquiry which provokes much laughter from him and Mark. As we wait in line to place our order, just the sort of unenlightened person Mark had referred to in his "free to be an asshole" speech, pushes his way to the front of the line. As this big hulking greaser passes by diminutive, bespectacled Mark, he stops and looks him right in the eye.

"I'm DANGEROUS," the offender grunts.

Mark looked back at him amused, "I never doubted that for a moment," he replied.□

Q: What is Devo talking about?
A: You don't have to eat the same turds everyday.

Robert Matheu

Roots

Blackfoot's Rick Medlocke

Each month *Hit Parader* takes a rock star back to his old neighborhood. This month we join Blackfoot's lead singer Rick Medlocke in Jacksonville, Florida, the home base for many prominent musicians, including members of the Rossington-Collins Band and Molly Hatchet.

by Charley Crespo

Shorty Medlocke sat on the porch picking his five-string banjo as I drove up to the house on the west side of Jacksonville, Florida. His wife, Nita, sat in the living room sewing a split seam on Rick's denim jacket, while out back Blackfoot's lead singer worked under the hood of his candy-apple red '48 Ford pickup.

At the age of 69, Shorty is the world's oldest rock star, having learned the blues decades ago working alongside blacks as a sharecropper in Georgia, becoming a folk hero by entertaining anyone who'd listen. In his youth, Shorty hopped freight trains with a banjo strapped to his back. By the time little Ricky had pulled through childhood health problems, the two Medlockes became a well-known duo, performing on local TV shows.

Shorty was a source of inspiration for young rock musicians in Jacksonville. The members of Lynyrd Skynyrd spent many hours on his front porch, while the wise man picked his guitar and related his adventures. Rick went on to become a rock musician, first with several bands, then with Blackfoot, and for a brief period, with Skynyrd. Up until his recent stroke, Shorty would often travel alongside his son, playing an occasional song with Blackfoot.

Rick lives out of a suitcase these days, touring the world with what he describes to townspeople as "a professional rock band." When he's back in Jax, he spends a great deal of time with the elder Medlockes, in the house where many memories are stored. One small, crowded room holds most of the family musical equipment, a potpourri of guitars, dobros, even cellos and vintage windup 78 r.p.m. victrolas. Just outside the room a wall is decorated with several rifles.

A few blocks from Medlocke's house is the dog track where Rick and his childhood buddies, too young to gain legal admittance, would climb the pine trees by the edge of the track, sneak a peak at the races and place their own bets. The nearby schools are still intact, including the junior high school Rick swears was *meant* to resemble a prison, what with barbed wire stretching the length of the fence that closed off the area.

"See this liquor store here?" Rick asked as we began a tour of the Woodstock area of Jacksonville. "This is where we used to roll winos for dough. It wasn't a nice thing to do, but it was survival. Those were *our* rules."

Woodstock Park, where all the guys hung-out all night despite the town's 11 p.m. curfew, is empty now, and Edgewood Avenue, a main strip known for its heavy cruising and drag racing scene, is much calmer now. Trouble-shooting rebels no longer command the parks or main avenues. Now, the strip is dotted with fast-food chains.

"You'd come out here Friday and Saturday nights and see some great cars," said Rick. "You'd see everything — '57 Chevys, '58 Vettes, '57 T-Birds, great pickups. I was already riding with the guys when I was 10 or 12."

The small house at 1437 Detroit Street, where Rick lived until he was about 15, is boarded up now. Rick walked around and pointed out little bits of construction, including the tree that held his tree house.

"I used to shoot people with a bee-bee gun," he said with a smirk. "This was a dirt road here, where Mom had her ringer washer. It was all woods then, no houses, and that used to be our little baseball field. It brings back a lot of old memories. I learned to play my first guitar here. It freaks me out a little bit."

A neighbor strolled by, introduced himself and said the house had been condemned several times since the Medlockes moved out, but the owner kept renting it out anyway. The man said he finally bought the house and has committed himself to renovating it. Rick was overjoyed to find out his old home has a future.

Times have changed since young Rick was a patrolboy at Annie R. Morgan High School. Across the street, some of the neighborhood's younger folk stood and stared quietly. Rick walked over to say hello and was besieged with requests for autographs. He told them he used to live there. Some of the parents, drinking beers by a parked pick-up truck, said they remembered Shorty. The kids asked Rick if he was planning to move back to the little house.

"No," Rick said, a nostalgic tone returning to his voice. Long-missed memories of times past ran through his heart and lumped his throat. "No, I don't think so."□

Shorty Medlocke jamming with young Rick, just a chip off the old block.

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LET'S GET IT UP

(As recorded by AC/DC)

MALCOLM YOUNG
ANGUS YOUNG
BRIAN JOHNSON

Loose lips
Sink ships
So come aboard
For a pleasure trip
It's high tide
So let's ride
The moon is risin'
And so am I.

I'm gonna get it up
Never gonna let it up
Cruisin' on the seven seas
A pirate of my lovin' needs
I'll never go down
Never go down.

So let's get it up
Let's get it up
Get right up yeah
Let's get it up
Right to the top
Let's get it up
Right now.

Loose wires cause fires
Gettin' tangled in my desires
So screw 'em up and plug 'em in
Then switch it on and start all over again.

I'm gonna get it up
Never gonna let it up no
Tickin' like a time bomb ooh yeah
Blowin' out the fuse box
I'll never go down
Never go down.

So let's get it up
Let's get it up
Get it up oh oh
Let's get it up
Right to the top
Let's get it up
Right now.

Oh let's get it up
Come on
Let's get it up hey
Get, get it
Let's get it up
Switchin' it on
Start it up
Let's get it up.

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I BELIEVE

(As recorded by Chilliwack)

BILL HENDERSON

I was lost in time
Feelin' like the victim of a perfect crime
Until that night I met you
How was I to know just what your love could do
Now I believe there has been a change in me
I believe that it was meant to be.
Can't you see I believe in you and me
It's so easy so damn easy to see
The way I feel for you
And you for me.
In the dark of night
We can be what we would like to be
And it's all right
When it's you, you and me girl
Well I feel like we're the only people in the world
It's so easy so damn easy to see
The way I feel for you
And you for me.

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RAIN IS FALLING

(As recorded by the Electric Light Orchestra)

JEFF LYNNE

Early in the morning the sun was up
And the sky was a fairy blue
Without a warning as I looked up
My thoughts returned to you
The noise in the city made the children run and hide themselves away
Then thunder boomed and light'ning filled the sky.
Ooh the rain is falling
Ooh the rain is falling
Ooh the rain is falling
Will it wash away those lonely tears
With their brand new time transporter
They'll think maybe I fought to get away
But with all their great inventions
And all their good intentions here I'll stay
Down on the corner where the sun has shone
The people gathered 'round then scattered
As the raindrops hit the ground.
Looking from this window
A thousand rivers running past my door
Standing on an island
Looking for some mark upon the shore
I can see very clearly
Nothing's really changed
When lightening strikes across an empty sky.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

(As recorded by Neil Young & Crazy Horse)

NEIL YOUNG

Down the mountainside to the coast line
Past the angry tide
The mighty diesel whines.

And the tunnel comes
And the tunnel goes
Around another bend
The giant drivers roll.

I rode the high ball
I fired the daylight
When I turned 65
I couldn't see right.

It was Mister Jones
We've got to let you go
It's company policy
You've got a pension though.

Roll on Southern Pacific
Roll on, on your silver rails
Roll on Southern Pacific
On your silver rails
Through the moonlight.

I put in my time
I put in my time
Now I'm left to roll
Down the long decline.

I ain't no brake man
Ain't no conductor
But I would be though
If I was younger.
(Repeat chorus)

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SPIRITS IN THE MATERIAL WORLD

(As recorded by The Police)

STING

There is no political solution
To our troubled evolution
Have no faith in constitution
There is no bloody revolution.

We are spirits in the material world
Are spirits in the material world
Are spirits in the material world
Are spirits in the material world.

Our so-called leaders speak
With words they try to jail you
They subjugate the meek
But it's the rhetoric of failure.

We are spirits in the material world
Are spirits in the material world
Are spirits in the material world
Are spirits in the material world.

Where does the answer lie
Living from day to day
If it's something we can't buy
There must be another way.

We are spirits in the material world
Are spirits in the material world
Are spirits in the material world
Are spirits in the material world
Are spirits in the material world.

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LEADER OF THE BAND

(As recorded by Dan Fogelberg)

DANIEL FOGELBERG

An only child alone and wild
A cab'net maker's son
His hands were meant for diff'rent work
And his heart was known to none
He left his home and went his lone and solitary way
And he gave to me a gift
I know I never can repay.

A quiet man of music
Denied a simpler fate
He tried to be a soldier once
But his music wouldn't wait
He earned his love thru' discipline
A thund'ring velvet hand
His gentle means of sculpting souls
Took me years to understand.

The leader of the band
Is tired and his eyes are growing old
But his blood runs thru' my instrument
And his song is in my soul
My life has been a poor attempt to imitate the man
I'm just a living legacy
To the leader of the band.
My brother's lives were diff'rent
For they heard another call
One went to Chicago and the other to St. Paul
And I'm in Colorado
When I'm not in some hotel
Living out this life I've chose
And come to know so well.

I thank you for the music
And your stories of the road
I thank you for the freedom
When it came my time to go
I thank you for the kindness
And the times when you got tough
And papa I don't think I said "I love you" near enough.

The leader of the band
Is tired and his eyes are growing old
But his blood runs thru' my instrument
And his song is in my soul
My life has been a poor attempt to imitate the man
I'm just a living legacy
To the leader of the band
I am the living legacy
To the leader of the band.

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OPEN ARMS

(As recorded by Journey)

S. PERRY
J. CAIN

Lying beside you here in the dark
Feeling your heart beat with mine.

Softly you whisper you're so sincere
How could our love be so blind.

We sailed on together
We drifted apart
And here you are by my side.

So now I come to you with open arms
Nothing to hide
Believe what I say
So here I am with open arms
Hoping you'll see what your love means to me
Open arms.
Living without you living alone
This empty house seems so cold.

Wanting to hold you
Wanting you near
How much I wanted you home.

But now that you've come back
Turned night into day
I need you to stay.

So now I come to you with open arms
Nothing to hide
Believe what I say
So here I am with open arms
Hoping you'll see what your love means to me
Open arms.

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DADDY'S HOME

(As recorded by Cliff Richard)

JAMES SHEPPARD
WILLIAM MILLER

You're my love, you're my angel
You're the girl of my dreams
I'd like to thank you for waiting patiently
Daddy's home, daddy's home to stay.

How I waited for this moment to be by your side
Your best friend's around and told me you had teardrops in your eyes
Daddy's home, daddy's home to stay.
It wasn't on a Sunday
Monday and Tuesday went by
It wasn't on a Tuesday afternoon
All I could do was cry
But I made a promise that you treasure
I made it back all to you
How I waited for this moment to be by your side
Your best friend's around and told me you had teardrops in your eyes
Daddy's home, daddy's home to stay.

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ALL OUR TOMORROWS

(As recorded by Eddie Schwartz)

EDDIE SCHWARTZ
DAVE TYSON

Baby, baby here look at me
Yes I know, I know, I know
Maybe, maybe it's not worth a damn
All the things we do to ourselves we don't understand
But who can say what tomorrow will be.

We'll see all our tomorrows
Find their own way
And hear the sound of a distant thunder fading away
For every lonely night
We'll make our own brand new delight
And take all the comfort we may.

I found love in the strangest place
And refuge from the cold of night in a stranger's face
Your face baby.

Baby, baby just look at me
Yes it shows, how it shows
Nothin' worked out like I thought it would
I could've done worse you know
So I must have done good
And who can say what tomorrow will be.
(Repeat chorus)

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FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK (We Salute You)

(As recorded by AC/DC)

MALCOLM YOUNG
ANGUS YOUNG
BRIAN JOHNSON

Yeah yeah
We roll tonite
To the guitar bite yeah yeah
Stand up and be counted
For what you are about to receive
We are the dealers
We'll give you everything ya need
Hail, hail to the good times
Cuz rock has got the right of way
Ain't no legend
Ain't no cause
We're just living for today.

For those about to rock
We salute you
For those about to rock
We salute you.

We rock at dawn on the front line
Like a bolt right outta the blue
The skies alight with the guitar bite
Heads will roll and rock tonite.

For those about to rock
We salute you
For those about to rock
We salute you
For those about to rock
We salute you
Yes we do
For those about to rock
We salute you.

We're just a battery for hire with guitar fire
Ready and aimed at you
Pick up your balls and load up your cannon
For a 21-gun salute.

For those about to rock (fire)
We salute you
Oh for those about to rock
We salute you
For those about to rock (fire)
We salute you
Oh fire, we salute you
We salute you
For those about to rock
We salute you
For those about to rock
We salute you.

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LET'S STAND TOGETHER

(As recorded by Melba Moore, Gene McFadden and John Whitehead)

GENE McFADDEN
JOHN WHITEHEAD
MELBA MOORE

Let's stand together people
One by one
I know together we can overcome
Let's stand together people
Hand in hand
Together we can build a better land.

There's always something wrong in the world today
But the problems won't change by themselves
And they won't go away
It's up to us just to make it right
There's lots of problems
And they won't change overnight.

And no matter how long it takes
We've got to change it
We've got to prepare our kids to rearrange it
Me and you, you and me.

Let's stand together people
One by one
I know together we can overcome
Let's stand together people
Hand in hand
Together we can build a better land.

Here's some advice I wanna' give to you
Let's teach the children all the right things to do
And when they're older and they're in control
Maybe then the world will straighten out
And stop being so cold.

And no matter how long it takes
We're gonna' change it
We're gonna' prepare our kids to rearrange it
I said you and me, me and you.

Let's stand together people
One by one
I know together we can overcome
Let's stand together people
Hand in hand
Together we can build a better land.
(Repeat)

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POWER PLAY

(As recorded by Molly Hatchet)

STEVE HOLLAND

What you gonna do
When you're feelin' blue
You think you're lookin'
At some river run dry
Well it's nothing new
Still the same old dues
There ain't no reason for asking why.

'Cause it's a power play
Just like yesterday
There ain't no second guessing now
Well you had your way
So what can you say
One shot is all you're allowed.

There's a catch 22
Just waitin' on you
Try talkin' your way out of this
For all those lies
There behind your eyes
I'll know it's something
I'll never miss.

'Cause it's a power play
Did you know your way
Did you burn all your bridges behind
Is there another way back
To that good old track
Or are we just wastin' our time.

What you gonna do
When you're feelin' blue
You think you're lookin'
At some river run dry
Well it's nothing new
Still the same old dues
There ain't no reason for asking why.

'Cause it's a power play
Just like yesterday
There ain't no second guessing now
Well you had your way
So what can you say
One shot is all you're allowed.

'Cause it's a power play
Did you know your way
Did you burn all your bridges behind
Is there another way back
To that good old track
Or are we just wasting our time.

'Cause it's a power play
Just like yesterday
There ain't no second guessing now
Well you had your way
So what can you say
One shot is all you're allowed.

'Cause it's a power play
Did you know your way
Did you burn all your bridges behind
Is there another way back
To that good old track
Or are we just wasting our time.

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FEEL LIKE A NUMBER

(As recorded by Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band)

BOB SEGER

I take my card and I stand in line
To make a buck I work overtime
"Dear Sir" letters keep comin' in the mail.

I work my back 'till it's racked with pain
The boss can't even recall my name
I show up late and I'm docked
It never fails.

I feel like just another
Spoke in a great big wheel
Like a tiny blade of grass
In a great big field.

To workers I'm just another drone
To Ma Bell I'm just another phone
I'm just another statistic on a sheet.

To teachers I'm just another child
To I.R.S. I'm another file
I'm just another consensus on the street.

Gonna cruise out of this city
And head down to the sea
Shout out at the ocean
"Hey it's me."

Feel like a number
Feel like a number
Feel like a stranger
A stranger in this land
I feel like a number
I'm not a number
I'm not a number
Damn it I'm a man
I said I'm a man.

Gonna cruise out of this city
And head down to the sea
Shout out at the ocean
"Hey it's me."

Feel like a number
Feel like a number
Feel like a stranger
A stranger in this land
I feel like a number
I'm not a number
I'm not a number
Damn it I'm a man
I feel like it
Feel like it
Feel like it.

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THAT GIRL

(As recorded by Stevie Wonder)

STEVIE WONDER

That girl thinks that she's so fine
That soon she'll have my mind
That girl thinks that she's so smart
That soon she'll have my heart
She thinks in no time flat
That she'll be free and clear to start
With her emotional rescued love
That you'll leave torn apart.

That girl thinks that she's so bad
She'll change my tears to joy from sad
She says she keeps the upper hand
'Cause she can please her man
She doesn't use her love to make him weak
She uses love to keep him strong
And inside me there's no room for doubt
That it won't be too long
Before I tell her.

That I love her
That I want her
That my mind, soul and body need her
Tell her that I'd love to
That I want to
That I need to do
All that I have to, to win her love.

I've been hurting for a long time
And you've been playing for a long time
You know it's true
I've been holding for a long time
And you've been running for a long time
It's time to do
What we have to do.

That girl
That girl yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah.

That girl knows every single man
Would ask her for her hand
But she says her love is much too deep
For them to understand
She says her love has been crying out
But her lover hasn't heard
But what she doesn't realize
Is that I've listened to every word
That's why I know I'll tell her.

That I love her
That I want her
That my mind, soul and body need her
Tell her that I'd love to
That I want to
That I need to do
All that I have to, to win her love.

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CENTERFOLD

(As recorded by The J. Geils Band)

SETH JUSTMAN

Doe she walk
Does she talk
Does she come complete
My homeroom, homeroom angel
always pulled me from my seat
She was pure like snowflakes
No one could ever stain
The memory of my angel could
never cause me pain
The years go by
I'm lookin' through a girly magazine
And there's my homeroom angel
On the pages in between.

My blood runs cold
My memory has just been sold
My angel is the centerfold
Angel is the centerfold
My blood runs cold
My memory has just been sold
Angel in the centerfold.

Slipped me notes under the desk
While I was thinkin' about her dress
I was shy I turned away
Before she caught my eye
I was shakin' in my shoes
Whenever she flashed those baby
blues
Something had a hold on me
When angel passed close by
Those soft, fuzzy sweaters
Too magical to touch
To see her in that negligee is really
just too much.

My blood runs cold
My memory has just been sold
My angel is the centerfold
Angel is the centerfold
My blood runs cold
My memory has just been sold oh
yeah
Angel in the centerfold
Na na na na na na
Na na na na na na.
It's okay I understand
This ain't no never, neverland
I hope that when this issue's gone
I'll see you when your clothes are on
Take your car yes we will
We'll take your car and drive it
We'll take it to a motel room
And take 'em off in private
A part of me has just been ripped
The pages of my mind are stripped
Ah no I can't deny it
Oh yea I guess I gotta buy it.
(Repeat chorus)

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OUTLAW

(As recorded by Riot)

GUY SPERANZA
MARK REALE

Down below the border
Robbed a bank in Mexico
Half crazed on tequila
Half a million in gold.

There's thunder in the ground
I can hear the sounds
A show down in the distance
They're gonna ride 'em down.

Bet your life on a silver ball
Spin it 'round the wheel
Will it land on the black or the red
Outlaw got no deal.

When he gambled with women
Kept an ace up his sleeve
Always got what he came for
Never placed it clean.

Then he was blinded by passion
Playin' in a game of fools
Thought she was lucky, thought she
was his best bet
Guess you find out when you lose.

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STONES TONGUE ☆■●
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OZZY OSBOURNE ☆
LITTLE RIVER BAND □
REO (HIGH INFIDELITY) ☆
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BLACK SABBATH ☆○■★◪
TED NUGENT ☆■●★◪
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JUDAS PRIEST ☆★○■□●○▰◪
REO SPEEDWAGON ☆■●◪

MOTORHEAD ★
FOGHAT ○●□☆
PAT BENATAR ★☆
MOLLY HATCHET ★◪
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ELVIS COSTELLO ★
BEATLES ○★▲☆■
IRON MAIDEN ★●
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BOSTON ☆★▲
LENNON ☆○★■
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DEF LEPPARD ☆★
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PLASMATICS ★
JIMMY PAGE ★
AC/DC ☆●■
RAINBOW ●▰
STARSHIP ☆
ELP ○★□
BLONDIE ☆★
RUSH ☆○★■◪
DOORS ★▲☆
UFO ☆○★
THE WHO ☆★◪
YES ☆○★□
DEVO ☆
CLASH ☆
B52's ★
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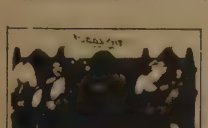
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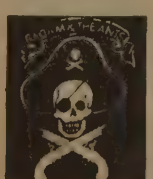
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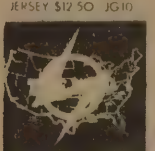
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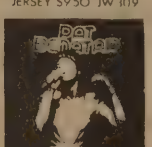
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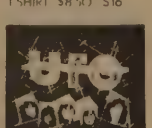
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Record Reviews

by Roy Trakin

AC/DC
For Those About To Rock
Kiss
The Elder

Hell hath no fury like a heavy-metal fan scorned. Contrary to popular opinion, the current crop of headbanging loyalists are both astute and faithful — as long as you give them what they want.

© Robert Ellis

Which brings us to today's match — current heavyweight champ AC/DC against aging and fast-fading former titleholders Kiss. And it turns out every bit the mismatch it seems.

If creeping self-consciousness is the signal of decay for a heavy-metal band (unless, like Rush or Styx, it turns into middlebrow "art-rock"), then AC/DC have nothing to worry about. These manic Aussies flaunt their libido in thunderous torrents of power chords, flogging their phallic message as blatantly as, for instance, Prince, except with AC/DC sex is equated with the violence of war, which is not particularly erotic.

That AC/DC are able to communicate their savage, predatory view of human relationships to a mass audience, then, is no small feat. But, aside from the message, AC/DC refuse to compromise their sound to accommodate radio, like every popular heavy-metal band from the Stones on down are forced to do. AC/DC has turned the trick without radio's help, and **For Those About To Rock** is probably not about to break that record, either. Not with imagery like *Let's Get It Up, Inject The Venom, Breaking The Rules* and *Night Of The Long Knives.* Without much critical fanfare, AC/DC has become the most popular revolutionary punk-rock band in the world, preaching a Reichian solution of release through ejaculating cannon-fire. It's a tribute to AC/DC that, even as they rest at the top of the heap, they've never gotten carried away into believing they were anything more than physical noisemakers. By recognizing their rational limits, AC/DC's dirty double entendres smash our nervous system where it hurts, right below the belt.

Kiss' latest effort shows the once-influential masked men committing heavy-metal's unpardonable sin: stretching out to a (horrors!) concept album, replete with (say it ain't so, Gene!) a symphony orchestra and (no, not one of *those,* too!) St. Robert's Men's Choir. **The Elder** is Kiss' modest, but pathetic, attempt to do a **Tommy**-styled epic, a desperate try for the maturity and greeting-card-inspired pseudo-grandeur of a Journey or Yes or Genesis. Without even the humor of Blue Oyster Cult, either.

On **The Elder** Kiss tries to appear up, only to emerge old and nearly washed up. With this LP, Kiss have once and for all outsmarted themselves, surrendering their place in the front ranks of the charts to AC/DC, who long ago learned that the only philosophy worth communicating is a non-stop barrage of buzzsaw riffing. In the heavy metal universe it pays to stick to your guns.

Joan Jett and the Blackhearts
I Love Rock 'N Roll

Joan Jett's post-Runaways solo debut last year was unexpected. Veteran pop producers Kenny Laguna and Ritchie Cordell discovered the precise mix of bubble-gum and heavy metal, and Ms. Jett emerged as the only American rocker besides Suzi Quatro to successfully mine the fertile turf of mid-'70s Anglo-glitter, as represented by groups like Mud, Sweet and Gary Glitter.

I Love Rock 'N Roll partially abandons the first LP's studio eclecticism in favor of a raw, live feel. Unfortunately, it sacrifices subtlety for unabashed power chords in the bargain. The newly-streamlined quartet is more than up to the task, but the sweet edge of innocence so effective on her debut LP, is overshadowed here by mock-macho bravado.

Still, **I Love Rock 'N Roll** has its warming moments, especially in the title-track and in laments like *Love Is Pain* and *You're Too Possessive,* where metallic preening is offset by evocative, double-tracked girl-group vocals. Last year's **Joan Jett** boasted a smart choice of covers in the effectively campy *You Don't Own Me* and the right-on Gary Glitter tracks. **I Love Rock 'N Roll** stumbles on

Dennis Zentek/HOLLY STRIP PHOTOGRAPHY

an inappropriate Tommy James number, *Crimson And Clover,* and a surprisingly leaden *Bits And Pieces.* On the final cut, *Little Drummer Boy,* Joan Jett shows that little girl vulnerability underneath the tough strut. Her female-Keith Richards-stance has a universal human touch and carries hard-rock beyond gender.

Pink Floyd
A Collection Of Great Dance Songs

Another piss in the abyss from your favorite limey misogynists, who make *ze* joke at *ze* expense of the currently-fashionable dance-oriented rock crowd. **A Collection Of Great**

Dance Songs is, of course, nothing of the sort, but rather an odd Greatest Hits package designed to show that Pink Floyd is as avant as the most determined 'no wavesters,' and has been, since the '60s. The LP includes material from as early as 1971, with **Meddle**'s *One Of These Days* (which foreshadows the atmospheric synth work of Eno) right up to last year's rather unlikely mega-smash, *Another Brick In The Wall, Part 2*, which proved that Floyd could be just as shamelessly crass as Sammy "Candyman" Davis, milking a children's choir for a desperately-needed hit single.

But I have not come to bury Pink Floyd; nor have I come to praise them, either. Creating their private rock legend through concept albums is no small feat, even if, as last year's multi-platinum success proved, as simple and monolithic as building a wall. But **A Collection Of Great Dance Songs** has no central idea, other than the crassest recycling of product. Only *Money* has been given a new treatment, which sounds placid and dull compared to the crisp original. Furthermore, Floyd's old songs come off woefully out of context away from the larger works to which they belong.

The grim gloom-and-doom-saying of **The Wall** could only be excused if it was seen as the last/first step of an existential *cul de sac*, to be followed by the initial brick-laying of a new consciousness. That it has led to this inexplicably lazy repackage, cynically foist upon the public for Xmas consumption, is reason enough to deprive Pink Floyd of their artistic ally since madman Syd Barrett founded the band almost two decades ago — the benefit of the doubt.

Frank Sinatra
She Shot Me Down

Eat your heart out Bryan Ferry, and you, too, David Bowie. No one in rock can sing a ballad like the 66-year-old Sinatra and **She Shot Me Down** is an album-full of Hoboken-Frankie leaning into a slew of saloon song laments like only he can. If wimps like Barry Manilow or Neil Diamond have given pop crooning a bad name, Sinatra's latest effort confirms his immortal reputation. The Chairman's smoky, knowing vocals inject just the right amount of cynicism into Gordon Jenkins' absurdly corny yet totally wonderful, sentimental arrangements.

While in the past, Sinatra has revealed his true squareness with an unfortunate choice of inappropriate cover material, **She Shot Me Down** is perfectly tailored to his legendary skills. *Thanks For The Memory* fits him like a well-worn hush puppy while cry-in-your-martini classics like *Good Thing Going* and a Harold Arlen/Ira Gershwin medley are given a tragic scope by Sinatra's characteristically sanguine croon.

Only the hilariously overblown rendition of Sonny Bono's mock gypsy shoot-out saga, *Bang Bang*, and the awful pseudo-Cole Porter lyrics to *I Loved Her* mar Sinatra's impressive follow-up to last year's very successful comeback, *Trilogy*.

While it may seem difficult to imagine the crudely egotistical public Sinatra ever feeling jilted, any pop fan who gives **She Shot Me Down** a chance should ignore the man's image and simply dig his music. You have to admit, nobody does it better.

J. Geils Band
Freeze-Frame

No veteran rock band deserves its belated commercial success more than these original purveyors of Beantown blooze. With last year's *Love Stinks*, the Geils Band achieved their long overdue hit single, and on **Freeze-Frame**, they take that breakthrough and run with it. Unlike their mired-in-metal cousins, Aerosmith, this carefree sextet has added the requisite modern touches — tribal rhythm machines, bleeping synths and staccato Stax horns punctuating the beat — while never straying far from their bar-band roots.

The title-track roars off the mark with a seething Graham Parkeresque rant, but songwriters Peter Wolf and Seth Justman never succumb to those lame AOR cliches as do so many

others. There is always the off-beat touch — often provided by Magic Dick's expressive harp — steering the material away from the overblown banality of the Boss Springstakes.

Elsewhere, *Centerfold* is a mock-naive romance that takes the time-honored bagpipe riff from *The Mighty Quinn* and transports it into hit single territory, thanks to an emotionally-felt vocal by Faye Dunaway's ex himself. Side two calls on the talents of Luther Vandross, Cissy Houston and Chic's Tawatha Agee to prove that J. Geils were blue-eyed soulsters long before it became fashionable.

Freeze-Frame is loaded with the kind of subtle **Tattoo You**-like pleasures which mark the efforts of canny professional musicians comfortable in their craft — a happy marriage of calculation and inspiration.

Delbert McClinton
Plain' From The Heart

Yeah, Delbert McClinton proves that a white man can sing the blues, but who cares? Well, you should,

Mark Hanauer

rootless-breath, because from the sound of this well-travelled, honorable craftsman's latest LP, he does, too. The Lubbock, Texas native may just have the sweetest yearn this side of Al Green.

On slow-burners like Otis Redding's *I've Got Dreams To Remember* or his own *Sandy Beaches*, those transcendent pipes are put to aching-good use. But even good ole Delbert can't breathe life into the hoary cliches of the traditional *Rooster Blues* or *In The Midnight Hour*. And on the faster numbers, loping Del is left in the dust with the rather colorless backing efforts of the Muscle Shoals Rhythm Section.

Last year's Top-Ten single, *Giving It Up For Your Love*, shot Delbert McClinton into the public eye after almost three decades of paying dues. You can hear that experience in **Plain' From the Heart**'s vulnerable vocals and mournful harp. When he sticks to what he does best, McClinton turns the limitations of his roots idiom into a myriad of musical possibilities, stretching from Buddy Holly's Texas through the rural South of Elvis Presley to the Caribbean Islands, all the way back to the big city streets, safe and sound, after an all-American round trip.□

Celebrity Rate-a-Record

with

John Waite

John Waite left the Babys last year, moved to New York and started a new band with an album due this spring. He doesn't play a great many records at home. When the vocalist does get an album, however, he plays it over and over again and then throws it out. Judging by the way he tossed records around at this session, we doubt he takes any care of his records while he has them.

We sat Waite in the deejay's chair and let him pick out a few singles from a pile of recent releases. Although some of the records had been out a few weeks, Waite had never heard most of these selections prior to the Rate-A-Record session.

Endless Love, **Diana Ross**
I met her last week. She came by the studio with Gene Simmons. She's a nice woman, with a lot of talent. This is not what I remember her doing best. I liked her early Motown stuff better.

Maybe Tomorrow, **Mink DeVille**
This should be good. Yeah, I like it alright. It's a good period song. I like his singing. He's a nice guy, with a lot of ability, too.

Central Park 'N West, **Ian Hunter**
I've heard this before. It's a great rock and roll dance record, again with good lyrics. It should be a smash. He can't do much wrong by me. It's what rock and roll is about. You can dance to it and dig the lyrics.

Comic Strip Man (Bim Bam Slam), **Tiny Tim**
It would be cruel to say anything about this one. I don't think he's playing with a full deck.

(Si Si) Je Suis Un Rock Star, **Bill Wyman**
My girlfriend said it was very good, but I don't know. You can dance to it, you can change tires to it, you can do anything to it. It's got a modern beat, but I don't know.

Talk Dirty, **John Entwistle**
If I say anything, I'll talk dirty.

Labelled With Love, **Squeeze**
That's intense, really intense. It certainly won't go over in America. Squeeze is a great band, the best new English band around. It's pop with intelligence.

Only For Sheep, **The Bureau**
It's very good. Sounds like Eric Burdon & the Animals. That would be big in England. It's the kind of stuff that's big over there. Again, it wouldn't happen in America.

Radio Shoes, **Bruce Cockburn**
No, just no.□

Laurie Paladino

John Waite: "I don't think he's playing with a full deck."

AC/DC

ROCK'S FIRST FAMILY

The Thrilling Adventures Of The Naughty But Nice Kings Of The Hill.

by Andy Secher

On their first album, AC/DC sang: "It's a long way to the top if you wanna rock 'n' roll." Well, after seven years of creating a powerful collection of wall-shaking rock anthems, this Australian quintet has accomplished what they set out to do: They have climbed to the top of the rock mountain. The classic **Back In Black** sold an incredible eight-million copies, and their latest, **For Those About To Rock** is selling even faster than its illustrious predecessor. Guitarists Angus and Malcolm Young, vocalist Brian Johnson, bassist Cliff Williams and drummer Phil Rudd have shocked the world with the success of their heavy metal mania.

"We view rock and roll as a common denominator," lead vocalist Brian Johnson said. "We're just out there on stage tryin' to have a good time and hoping that everybody who's listening is enjoying it, too. Everybody should be able to get into what we play 'cause our music really comes from the heart."

Despite all of their current success, it *has* been a "long way to the top" for AC/DC. Their story begins in the highlands of Glasgow, Scotland, the birthplace of Angus and Malcolm Young, the youngest in a family of six children. An economic recession gripped Britain during the early 1960s and the Youngs relocated to Australia.

In their pre-teen years, Angus and Malcolm began playing rock and roll — often with musicians twice their age. By 1974 they had met another Scottish expatriate, the late Bon Scott, forming a band that Malcolm described as "being able to make music that the kids could relate to." The band was AC/DC.

Australia in the mid-1970s was a country more comfortable with performers like Helen Reddy and Olivia Newton-John than with pure-bred rockers, and AC/DC took

©Peter Mazel

The legendary Bon Scott: "We've played all the pits where beer bottles come whistling by your head all night long."

the nation's pub circuit by storm. The band played a mixture of revitalized Chuck Berry tunes as well as original numbers, quickly becoming the most outrageous act ever seen "down under."

Their show featured the striking contrast of a bare-chested, tattooed Bon Scott performing alongside baby-faced Angus, who dressed in the tattered schoolboy uniform that remains his trademark to this day. "We've played the pits, where beer bottles come whistling by your head all night long," Bon Scott said during AC/DC's first American tour. "Those were the people who liked you. The people who weren't in the mood to hear you would do something a little more drastic — like come up to the stage and punch you in the nuts."

Their unique image and stage dynamism attracted the attention of a small Australian record label, who signed AC/DC to their first contract, and directed the group into the recording studio to capture their live energy on vinyl. Aided by the production team of Harry Vanda and George Young (older brother of Angus and Malcolm), AC/DC was prepared to take on the rest of the rock and roll world.

"The people who weren't in the mood to hear you would do something a little more drastic like come up to the edge of the stage and punch you in the nuts."

"Australia's not a big market," Malcolm Young explained. "People there weren't comfortable with rock and roll. They'd listen to Helen Reddy, but most major bands rarely toured there. When you reach a certain point, and you want to make a living out of playing music, you've just got to get out of there."

So AC/DC moved to England in 1976 and signed a world-wide recording contract with Atlantic Records, who promptly released a one-album compilation of their two Australian LP s under the title **High Voltage.** They set out on a whirlwind British tour that, according to one overwhelmed journalist, "threatened to tear the roof off of every venue they played." Their live triumphs were mirrored by the growing popularity of **High Voltage.**

"We've always taken our music seriously," Malcolm Young said. "We enjoy ourselves, but if we didn't take it seriously, why the hell should anyone else?"

That initial effort was disdained by most of the rock press, which viewed the band's metallic approach as simplistic and one dimensional. The fans, however, jumped on AC/DC's musical bandwagon; here was a band to give rock and roll a much needed kick in the ass. The group soon established a pattern of spending ten months a year on the road, taking time off only to return to Australia to record their next albums, **Let There Be Rock** and **Powerage.**

While their studio albums were drawing more and more attention within the music community, AC/DC "live" made the rock world sit up and take notice. Their

The tattered schoolboy uniform has been Angus Young's trademark since the birth of AC/DC.

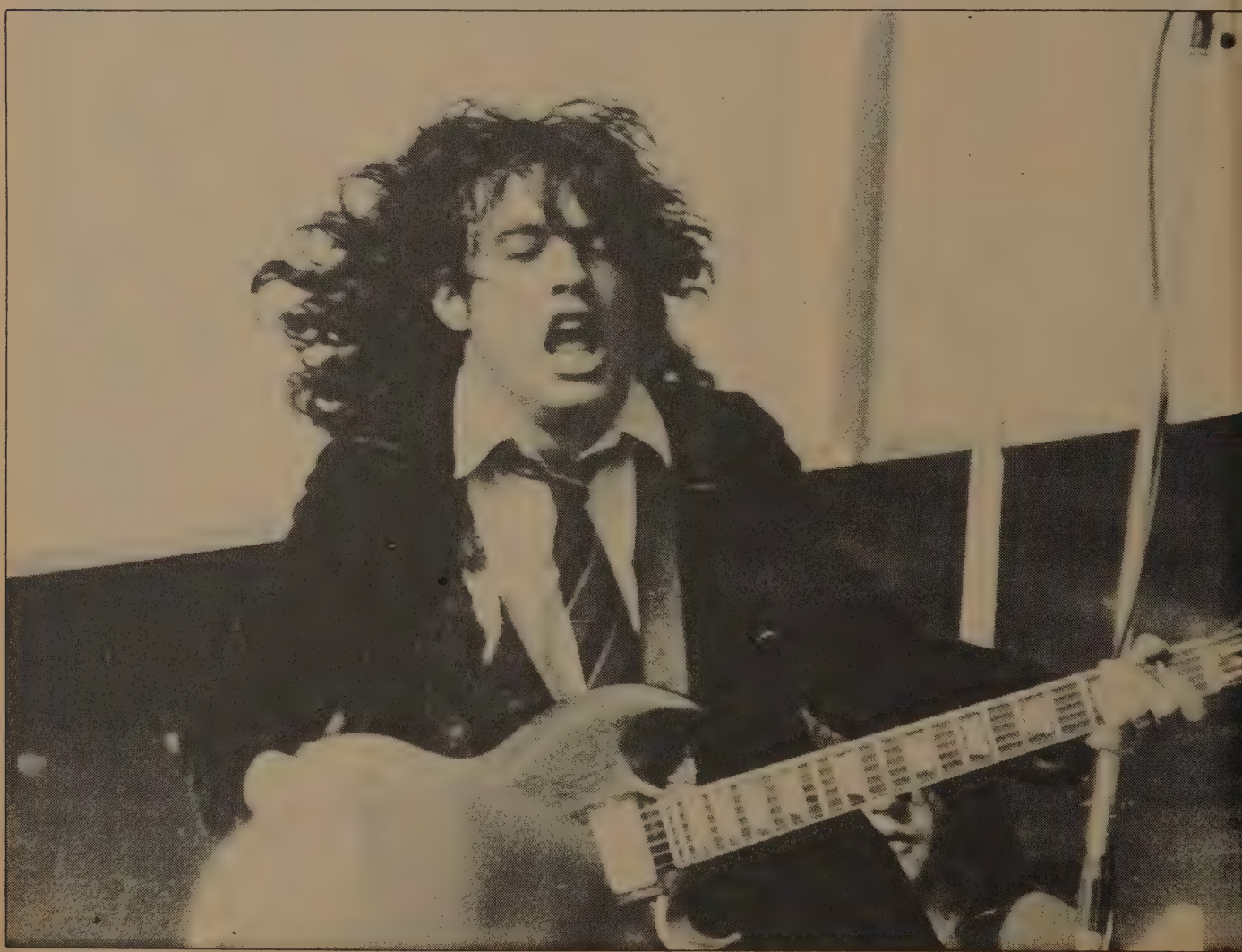


PHOTO CREDITS Angus Young (above) and AC/DC in concert ©by Chris Walter/PHOTO FEATURES Int. Ltd. Brian Johnson Photo ©by Robert Ellis.

AC/DC in concert is a unique experience: "We're just out there on stage tryin' to have a good time."

Lead singer Brian Johnson: "The whole experience of being a member of this band has been unbelievable."

albums moved steadily up the charts in 1977, and they launched a world tour that introduced them to America. Opening for virtually every hard rock band around, and criss-crossing the country like Amtrak, they built a loyal, vocal following.

AC/DC then attempted to capture some of their stage excitement with a live album, the dynamic, **If You Want Blood You've Got It.** While the record couldn't hope to capture the sight of Angus, drenched in sweat, laying down blistering power chords amid discarded bits of his schoolboy uniform, the strength of such numbers as *Problem Child* and *Whole Lotta Rosie* overwhelmed heavy metal-starved fans everywhere, launching AC/DC into a huge, international concert attraction.

"We've always enjoyed playing live more than anything else," Malcolm Young said. "When you see the people reacting to what you're doing, and feel that energy, that's what rock and roll's all about."

Despite their escalating success, AC/DC changed strategies for their **Highway To Hell** album. They broke away from the Vanda/Young production team and went to London with producer Robert John "Mutt" Lange. Lange's work on songs like *Girls Got Rhythm* and *Touch Too Much* helped refine the band's sound. The album became an instant radio favorite throughout America, and as the band continued their hectic touring schedule, **Highway To Hell** became AC/DC's first platinum seller.

After spending five non-stop years in hotel rooms and recording studios, AC/DC had finally attained international stardom. But, just as they were beginning to enjoy their new-found success, tragedy struck.

On a cold winter's night in London, Bon Scott, whose macho stance and legendary carousing had always been at the heart of the band's appeal, was found dead, apparently after one of his notorious drinking binges. Suddenly it seemed that just as victory was in their grasp, it was about to slip away. After a difficult period of introspection and soul searching, however, AC/DC realized, as Malcolm explained, "we couldn't give up."

They soon found vocalist Brian Johnson, who had enjoyed a degree of notoriety with the Scottish hard rock band Geordie in the early '70s, and moved back into the studio with "Mutt" Lange to record **Back In Black.** The rest, as they say, is history. **Back In Black** was a rock and roll phenomenon: without the benefit of a major radio hit, it soared to the top of the charts and stayed there.

To the astonishment of everyone — the band included — it became the biggest selling heavy-metal album in history, doubling the highest single album sales figures of rock titans like Led Zeppelin, Deep Purple and Van Halen. In less than six months, AC/DC had moved from the brink of disbanding to become the most popular group in rock and roll.

"Of course I was a little worried about joining the band," Johnson said. "Replacing someone like Bon Scott is a difficult task. Thankfully, everything worked out remarkably well. The whole experience of being a member of this band has been unbelievable."

Now, with the release of **For Those About To Rock,** AC/DC has shown that stardom hasn't softened their metal instincts, as they blaze away with songs like *Put The Finger On You, Let's Get It Up* and the incredible title cut. "We just do what we do best," Brian Johnson said, "and that's play rock and roll."□

SAMMY HAGAR

ON WITH THE SHOW

After Winning Legal Battle Guitarist No Longer Between Rock And A Hard Place

by Regan McMahon

When I first talked to Sammy Hagar last year he was between albums, tours and record labels. At the rehearsal studio in mellow Marin County (north of San Francisco), Sammy, dressed in shorts and a T-shirt, looked more like one of the area's stereotypically laid-back residents than the heavy-metal monster adored by his fans. Unfortunately, his former record company had a hard time picturing him as a rock star, too, leaving the blond guitarist between rock and a hard place.

One year later, Hagar is back on track with a new record, **Standing Hampton,** a lengthy tour and a new label. Getting there, however, was no easy climb.

The trouble began when the contract Hagar had signed with Capitol Records in the mid-'70s was drawing to a close after six moderately successful albums, and he wanted to leave the label. Capitol, not wanting to lose on the investment they'd made in his career, sued Hagar for $1.8 million. Hagar countersued, and, after a grueling three-month court battle, won.

"It was horrible. It was embarrassing," groans Sammy. "They did my dirty laundry in front of everybody.

"Capitol said I wasn't any good and that if I had *made* any good records, I would have had hits and been big. But in the same breath, they stated: 'This artist has the potential to sell five million records with his next album, and we don't want to lose him.' Our countersuit claimed that they didn't do a good job for me, didn't live up to their promises."

Michael N. Marks

"Don't you think you've made enough money off this poor young fellow?"

It is a popular industry notion that Capitol was partly responsible for Hagar's minor star status. In selected markets—most notably St. Louis, Seattle, Portland, Texas, California — Hagar fills coliseums and football stadiums, delivering a high energy, hard-rock assault with the aid of a gargantuan lighting and sound system.

Hagar has also distinguished himself as a songwriter, as demonstrated by Rick Springfield's recent hit with *I've Done Everything For You.* But two separate releases of that song by Capitol, a studio and a live version, received little airplay. "Capitol never even got that song played once!" Hagar laments.

"The key people at Capitol flat-out said, 'Sammy Hagar will never have a hit,'" he continues. "They felt that if I just made albums and toured, little by little my sales would get bigger and bigger until I became BIG. That's how it happened, because that's how they viewed me. I sold more with each album, but I never exploded."

In the course of the legal process, Hagar's lawyers audited Capitol and found "that they made $7.5 million off me," says Sammy, "and I made $125,000. The judges exact words to them were, 'Don't you think you've made enough money off this poor young fellow?' And that was the end."

Sammy Hagar: "I'm going to tour the whole world — probably for the next three years."

Bob Leafe

Hagar, needless to say, learned a lot from the whole experience. He is much more aware of what makes a good recording contract, and he also realized that the enthusiasm and input — or lack thereof — from a record company can affect his own output.

"I lost enthusiasm on my last few records, though I think **Street Machine** is a great album. I just wrote leisurely, had fun and thought things like, 'Oh, gee, I think I'll do a weird song, or a sensitive love song,' even though it had nothing to do with what my fans would like or what I do onstage. I could never do half those tunes in concert. And the record company just let me do that."

His new label offers Hagar the helping-hand he appreciates. "When Geffen Records signed me — and they signed me for a lot of money — they said, 'We've got a lot invested in you, and we want a rock and roll album.' So I got down and said, 'All *right!*' And every time I wrote a song they'd come up from L.A. to hear it, giving me more insight into myself. That's why the material is what it is."

Standing Hampton is easily Hagar's most polished and consistent album. His earlier releases had peaks and valleys, ballads and rockers varying in sound and intensity. This time, with producer Keith Olsen (The Babys, Foreigner, Fleetwood Mac), Hagar's efforts sound glossy and commercial, similar in texture to Boston, Foreigner and Journey.

One of the album's cuts is a cover version of the classic tune Janis Joplin made famous, *Piece Of My Heart*. "Every album I look for something that I can make my own," Hagar explains. "I like picking a woman's song, because if you do another male song it's usually from the same point of view, so it's hard to change it. Just like Rick Springfield's *I've Done Everything For You* — what could he do? I took an attitude and he almost had to copy it.

"I thought it would be interesting to pick a female, and I think Janis and I sing sort of similar. Being from the Bay Area, *Piece Of My Heart* just came up. I think I've made it my own."

A concert workhorse like Hagar nearly went stir-crazy during a year filled with court battles, contract negotiations, studio sessions, plus cutting the title song for the summer movie hit **Heavy Metal.** "I'm real anxious to get back," he says. "I'm going to tour the whole world — probably for the next three years." His tour in support of this album began in England, where he has long been acclaimed as a superstar, and then picks up in America in February.

Hagar has been preparing for this outing outside the rehearsal hall as well as inside. He is fanatical about keeping in shape, works out daily at home and runs 45 miles a week — *uphill.* Hagar lives in Mill Valley, a tiny exclusive community at the foot of Mount Tamalpais, one of the Bay Area's highest peaks. He jogs up and down that rigorous slope five days out of seven, as part of a total workout that takes about an hour and a half.

"That's like performing for an hour and a half, because you maintain a tempo and a pace," says Hagar. "I'm in great condition, so I can perform for an hour and a half at full tilt. Despite the fact that I'm older, I'm in better shape now than I was five years ago."

Hagar first became concerned with conditioning two years ago when he was on tour with Boston. "It was so hard on me," he remembers. "It was real unhealthy — hard on my body. And you're performing every night in a big smoky auditorium.

"When I decided to workout before getting onstage, I knew how to go about it because I used to be a boxer, and my father was a boxer. He was always very adamant about keeping in condition."

As we closed our conversation, Sammy took a final sigh, expressing the hope and faith that he'd never have to go through another legal nightmare. And as he did, I had to ask, "Had you ever gone through anything like that before?"

"I've been in jail before," he said. "I hate to admit that, but I did get arrested for drunk driving in my adolescent maniac years. But that was a long time ago."□

"It was horrible. It was embarrassing. They did my dirty laundry in front of everybody."

JOE PERRY
IN HIS OWN WORDS

Former Aerosmith Heavyweight Looks Back In Wonder

As told to Annie Levy from the forthcoming book, 24 Hours A Day

I got into rock and roll because it was a good way to get girls. It just seemed to be the only thing that I could live with, getting something back for it. Something that I liked as opposed to studying, which was very boring. Nothing else gave me any pleasure.

I started playing when I was thirteen. Ever since I can remember, I had a fascination for the guitar. I dropped out of high school and worked in a factory for three years. That's when I decided to try and support myself in a band. I worked to get money for equipment, and I started putting Aerosmith together.

Working in the foundry you don't see any sunlight for eight hours, for the minimum wage. It was really hard work, but I did that for two years and graduated to machine shop, right after I dropped out of prep school.

I was being groomed to go on to college and all that bullshit, but all through this time I had bands for my own entertainment. Sometimes we never played anywhere, just in the basement. All this while this other stuff was pre-planned for me — go to school, go to college — but the only thing that remained constant was my love for music.

I definitely looked at life from both sides of the fence. On the one hand, I was in an expensive prep school, and I dropped out three months before graduation. Looking back, my parents made quite an investment getting me into college, but I just had to do what I had to do. But then I spent three years working in the factory, working up through that. I worked in the machine shop the last year, and I used to see guys with no fingers. I'd have a band on the weekends, and the factory workers made fun of my long hair, the same old thing. After three years I knew what I wanted to do. It wasn't 'cause I figured I was gonna make any money at it. I had already satisfied my needs for money, with a dashboard full of it that I'd saved from working.

The rush is in playing for a live audience, and after being through Aerosmith, that's where the rush still is. I've been through it all, and it's the same thing that got me off ten years ago. I've been through the Lear jets, the cars. I've smashed up my share of cars, and I'm still alive to talk about it but it's just the music that gets you off.

I didn't have any pre-conceived plans about leaving Aerosmith. I learned in the factory that you live day to day. Running after some dream or running after stardom so you can ride in a Lear jet left me cold. I wasn't getting the rush I used to get off music, off playing.

A really bad experience I had was at the Spectrum when they threw the firecracker up there. You can still see the scar on my hand and Steven almost lost one of his eyes. I think it's a combination of things that make people do that — of feeling anonymous in the crowd and also wanting to be part of the show. They want to see some reaction from the performers. Wow, you jumped because I did that.

If you want to talk about 24 hours a day, the only time that I've had breakfast, lunch and dinner is three weeks out of the past five years when I've gone away on vacation and had a maid that cooked breakfast in the morning, cooked lunch and cooked dinner. That was the only semblance of normalcy that I can think of. I couldn't live any other way.

©Ebet Roberts

Bram Tchaikovsky, meet Joe Perry: "I've smashed up my share of cars and I'm still alive to talk about it."

The last two times I went away on vacation I left two days early. I had the house booked for seven days, but I'd leave after five 'cause I get crazy. Whatever it is that drives me, *drives* me so hard that after I rest up and regain my energy, I start going again. After I get off the road, I'll be free floating in space for about a week. Then I start to get my energy back and start looking around for things to do.□

From right to left, that's Alice Cooper, Bernie Taupin, Jerry Harrison and David Byrne: "Well, I haven't had much of a social life."

Lee Mathieu ATROX LIVES

TALKING HEADS

MAKE WAY FOR TOMORROW

Avant-Garde Reunites After Playing Musical Chairs

by Toby Goldstein

Talking Heads' David Byrne was recently spotted in midtown Manhattan, wearing an admittance badge from the Museum of Natural History on his trench coat. The small, tin buttons, a delight for most children, sport a picture of a dinosaur, and, as his publicist pointed out, David is the only person she knows who could wear a metal brontosaurus on his lapel and have it look totally *right*.

When I first met Byrne and the rest of Talking Heads, back in 1976 along the new wave circuit, David's clenched voice, in person as well as on disc, sounded like someone in the throes of terminal mental anguish. This was a man who sat in front of me in the Frantz-Weymouth loft kitchen, played a Heads song on an acoustic guitar, and reduced me to a nervous sweat because I didn't realize that the language he was torturously singing was English.

Byrne is more relaxed these days, and accepts the fact that he's eternally destined to resemble Tony Perkins of the "Psycho" era. Fortunately, instead of making his point in choked, twisted words, Byrne can now comment on his diverse musical pursuits with the offhand one-liner: "Well, I haven't had much of a social life," and laugh about it.

The end of last year and beginning of this one marked an extraordinarily busy period in the lives of the Talking Heads, a band whose breakup was predicted as often as the weather. Before the year was out, however, Chris and Tina's **Tom Tom Club**, Jerry Harrison's **Red and the Black** and Byrne's self-produced soundtrack to **The Catherine Wheel** were all available as lead-ins to a Talking Heads double-live album and eventual studio recording.

David Byrne faced an enormous challenge when he agreed to score a dance for contemporary choreographer Twyla Tharp — a searing piece titled **The Catherine Wheel**, after a medieval torture instrument. Said Byrne, "but then there were all these extra ones thrown in, so that sometimes I would have to take a metronome and time the dancing and then work out music which was exactly that tempo."

For those who can't get enough of the Talking Heads' highly rhythmic groove, the band's new live LP should help. Byrne is especially pleased with the album's in-depth historical perspective. "When we listened to the older stuff, which we hadn't played in years, we enjoyed it. There's one album with all the things from the last tour, performed by the big band. Another album has selections from various past tours going back to the CBGB days. It emphasizes different sides of the band, and we were surprised that some of the older things, though sparser, are as funky as anything new."

Talking Heads are now deeply engrossed, working on their studio album, but Byrne also has his producer credit in the marketplace for the B52's third album. The combination of a serious guy like Byrne and a party band like the 52's may seem strange, but as he points out, they asked him to do it.

About the only pursuits David Byrne hasn't had time to indulge recently has been his own artwork. Several of Byrne's mural-size photographs were hung at an exhibit of "new wave" art in a New York gallery this summer. On a critical level, his work, studies of moody colors, stood out among the dozens of "downtown character" photos, as he described the bulk of the exhibit. Perhaps now that Byrne is settled into a clean, sparsely furnished co-op, he'll have the time and inclination to work on his visual art.

By the way, just what was David Byrne doing up at the Natural History Museum? Seeing Cambodian dancers, he says, still avidly following his interest in far-reaching cultures. He's certainly brought African studies some new attention. "Yeah, that really caught on," David Byrne says. His effect on his audience is another reason why the man who used to wear depression like a shroud can say: "I'm optimistic about the potential of humans," and mean it.□

HIT PARADER

OZZY OSBOURNE

Pick Hit TIM BOGERT

Superstar Bassist's Night Moves Pay Off

by Charley Crespo

Tim Bogert may not be rock and roll's most famous name, but the man is busy. Besides teaching bass at Hollywood's Guitar Institute of Technology and leading his own band, the 37-year-old bassist plays multiple sessions and jams with various local bands at a moment's request. So what's more important to him, playing music or personal responsibilities?

"I've got a pile of laundry as high as a house," the marathon musician said one recent afternoon. "I'm just now picking up last night's messages on my telephone answering machine. We had a late session, and I'm just waking up."

After fifteen years as a professional rock and roller with top-flight rock bands like Vanilla Fudge, Cactus and a short-lived fusion/power trio with Jeff Beck and Carmine Appice, Bogert has released **Progressions,** his first solo album. The man with the illustrious career swears that this was the easiest and most enjoyable album he's ever recorded.

It's ironic that **Progressions** materialized only because his manager went out and secured his client a record deal.

"I just fell into it," he said. "I was simply being a musician.

"I've always had a band of my own, but I wasn't pursuing a recording career with it. I wasn't doing showcase gigs. We were working to make money and keep the chops strong, as opposed to impressing the powers in Hollywood."

Tim Bogert: "We were working to make money and keep the chops strong, as opposed to impressing the powers in Hollywood."

Bogert was widely known for his bass-playing back in the mid-sixties when the New York-based Vanilla Fudge became one of the first bands to perform progressive-rock when everyone else was playing pop and teenybopper music. The Fudge's debut album created a stir in the rock world with a lengthy, instrumental-laden version of a Diana Ross hit, *You Keep Me Hangin' On.* Vanilla Fudge broke up just as hard-rock began to flourish; the rhythm section, Bogert and drummer Carmine Appice, joined two Detroit rockers, vocalist Rusty Day and guitarist Jim McCarty, to form a blues-rooted group, Cactus. Jeff Beck later incorporated this same rhythm section for Beck, Bogert & Appice, a supergroup that disintegrated shortly after take-off. Since then, Bogert has played as a sideman for many groups and fronted several bands. His last tour was with Bob Weir of the Grateful Dead in a makeshift concoction known as Bobby & the Midnites.

"I'm still a jamming fool," he told us. "People used to jam in New York all the time. They don't do that out here, but I do. There's two or three clubs that I walk into, and people expect a jam session. The audience likes it. I have a great time with it, and it keeps the timing up. I prefer to sit-in and play in a club more than watching TV or reading a book.

"On **Progressions,** the chops are up because we play all the time. I have to keep working or my timing falters. That's the key really; if you don't keep the timing you get stale awfully fast."□

Shooting Stars

by Charley Crespo

Eddie Schwartz

"I've never written for anyone but myself," said Eddie Schwartz, "but I take it as a great compliment that others like to sing my songs."

Greg Lake, Eddie Money, Rachel Sweet, Mickey Thomas, Long John Baldry and many other rockers have recorded Schwartz' songs, the most successful being Benatar's *Hit Me With Your Best Shot*. Now with his own album, **No Refuge,** Schwartz is out to make *his* name known.

The Canadian-born Schwartz was raised in New York and began writing at the age of eleven. He headed back to Toronto later to front several bands. **Schwartz,** a 1980

album released only in Canada, featured Rick Derringer, Clarence Clemons of Bruce Springsteen's E Street Band, and other well-known recording artists. **No Refuge,** his first international release, is getting attention via *All Our Tomorrows* and the title track.

Starfighters

"We're honest," Doug Dennis says of his hot, new rock band, Starfighters. "We don't take anything from the **Lone Groover's Book of Poses Volume One.** We're not into that. We have a really good time and give the audience the same. If a band does what it does well, it's bound to get on."

Stevie Young, nephew of AC/DC's Angus and Malcolm Young, assembled Starfighters in Birmingham, England, two years ago to play "down to earth, no nonsense rock

and roll." The group, formed from the remains of a band called Savage, consists of Stevie Young, rhythm guitar; Steve Burton, vocals; Pat Hambly, lead guitar; Doug Dennis, bass and Steve Bailey on drums. They've already toured with AC/DC and the Michael Schenker Group and recently released a self-titled debut album.

"We try not to get over-complicated," says Burton. "It's like when the English teacher says, 'you've got this essay, keep it interesting, keep it moving.' That's the way we keep our music. We want the songs to be short, sharp and to the point."

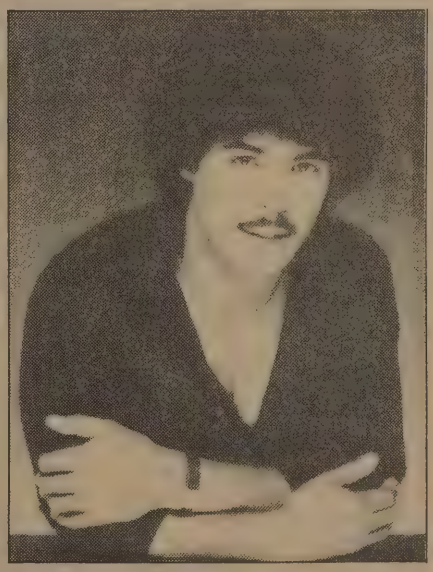
Sheila

Sheila may be a new artist to American ears, but she's already made her mark in the music business. The beautiful blonde singer, daughter of a Parisian street vendor, has sold over ten million records internationally. In her homeland, publications have described her as "the most important French personality since Maurice Chevalier or Brigitte Bardot."

Little Darlin' is Sheila's first rock album released in this country, and the title track, written by Amanda Blue of Spider, is spearheading her U.S. invasion. Having recently moved to Los Angeles, Sheila is determined to conquer America and become a major international star.

Stevie Woods

At the age of 17, Stevie Woods left his home in Columbus, Ohio, when a touring band saw him perform in a local club and asked him to join their group. A few weeks later he was fronting their band, whose members perceived a special quality in Woods, and they believed audiences would see it, too. He stayed on the road for the next six years, playing nightclubs across the United States.



Woods got off the road in Austin, Texas, settled there and developed a solo act. During the day he wrote songs, while at night he played in and around Austin. Like most budding stars, however, he took a gamble, heading for Los Angeles to make it. The gamble paid off; Woods was discovered in an L.A. nightclub by a talent agent. The result of that fateful night is a debut album, **Take Me To Your Heaven,** and the hit single, *Steal The Night*.□

Two things make Ray happy — the Kinks and Chrissie Hynde

THE KINKS

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY

Ray Davies Exposes Himself in Exclusive Interview

by Jeff Tamarkin

Ray Davies is suffering from a miserable cold but he refuses to give in. "I had 102° temperature when I went onstage tonight," he says after a recent gig. "I really shouldn't have gone on, but I can't keep away." He sniffles and takes another sip from a cup of hot chocolate, his third in the last half-hour. It's almost two in the morning, and the other Kinks have retired to their rooms or to the hotel bar downstairs. Ray's road manager urges him to call it a night — the Kinks can't exactly continue their tour without their lead singer — but Ray tells him not to worry. "I'm enjoying this," he says.

Ray Davies is obviously enjoying the renewed interest in the Kinks these last few years. After watching his band go up and down in popularity since it first emerged in the mid-'60s, Davies has good cause to revel — the Kinks are finally headlining coliseum-sized halls across the U.S., and their latest album, **Give The People What They Want,** is not only a big seller, it's Ray's favorite Kinks album in years.

"If you don't have recognition," explains Ray, "you might as well get a day job and stay home at night and write songs."

Fortunately for Davies and for Kinks fans, Ray hasn't had to do that since he left school 20 years ago. How did he become a Kink in the first place? "When you are moderately working-class in high school," he explains, "there is no other outlet but to go to art school. You couldn't say 'I want to be a musician.' They'd tell you, 'there's no jobs in that. There's an excellent job at Ford assembly line.' I left college because I saw no future in painting. Then a friend of mine committed suicide after staying in college for five years, and I realized that what I wanted to do was play music."

Although Davies now says that he doesn't "look back on the era of the British Invasion (the mid-'60s) with any kind of feeling," that musical era is responsible for the initial success of the Kinks. Davies began by writing songs reflecting his feelings about the swinging London scene. He never felt part of that trendy musical world.

"*Dedicated Follower Of Fashion,*" he recalls, "came about because of a punch-up I was involved in at a party. All these awful '60s trendies were making snide remarks about me because I was wearing a pullover, while they were wearing the latest fashions. So when I got home, after having a fight with this fashion designer, I wrote that song."

A whole album, **Arthur,** was later written about a real Arthur, who lived with Ray's sister in Australia. "He was a welder in a plastic factory — a simple man — but he realized the British empire was fucked, that you could never get a break and it was futile. He was so tormented and frustrated that I wrote the album for him. He recently died — of tension."

Ray's songs are still inspired by what he sees around him, and often by what he experiences him-

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"A friend of mine committed suicide after staying in college for five years, and I realized what I wanted to do was play music."

self. *Predictable,* from the latest album was composed with another family member in mind. "It's based on my brother-in-law, who works for British Airways," Davies reveals. "He spends 25 hours a week in an automobile, going back and forth to work, going mad. Then he goes home to his wife and kids, who've become teenagers. It's so predictable. That's what inspired the song."

Back To Front is similar in origin. "That's about this guy who goes back home and nobody knows him anymore; all the attitudes have changed. The song says never go back, because things will be different. We've blown all we had, and it's all down the drain, so we've gotta go somewhere else."

For Davies and the Kinks, that means going forward. For example, Ray wants the Kinks more involved in video. But he'd like to make sure he's close to the lives of real people, so his songs can always mirror the real world, even if the things he sees aren't always pleasant. The song *A Little Bit Of Abuse* doesn't beat around the bush. It's about battered housewives, a problem that concerns Davies. "I used to live down the block from this woman in Muswell Hill, where I grew up," he recalls, "and her face was always cut up. Her husband would come home pissed every night and they'd start fighting. And there are so many women like that who don't even talk about it."

When Davies talks about his music and the meaning of his songs, words come slowly and almost weepy at times. He is a sensitive, thinking man, uninterested in living the frivolous life of the typical rock and roll star (although, he'd be the first to admit, there was a time when he did). Perhaps he's just getting older, or that the Kinks are finally getting their due which makes Davies more content, but he's a happier man these days.

When it's mentioned that not too many years ago he told a journalist that he wasn't sure he'd ever really be happy, Davies is shocked. His face contorts trying to recall such a statement. After all, this is the same Ray Davies whose jovial, positive song, *Better Things,* is about looking for "the bluest skies."

Then, as if on cue, the hotel telephone rings. It's Chrissie Hynde, the Pretenders' vocalist, who has been romantically linked with Davies since last year, giving gossip columnists juicy material for tomorrow's newspaper. When Davies hangs up, he's wearing a big smile, having found the answer to the question about his current state of happiness. "She makes me happy," he says. "And so do the Kinks."□

Ray Davies: "So, when I got home, after having a fight with this fashion designer, I wrote that song."

The Moody Blues, from left: Justin Hayward, Ray Thomas, Patrick Moraz, Graeme Edge, John Lodge.

MOODY BLUES

THE LONG GOODBYE

Rock Survivors Prove That History Is Made At Night

by Liz Derringer

The Moody Blues are one of those bands that have been around the rock scene since the beginnings of the English invasion. Their sophisticated British style of pop music spawned such classic songs as *Knights in White Satin, Tuesday Afternoon* and *I'm Just a Singer in a Rock and Roll Band.*

The Moody Blues have gone through many phases and styles during their long career. This is due to the strong, individual songwriters in the group. One of the reasons the Moody Blues have sustained their success is that no matter how they present their music, it's always theatrical.

Recently, Justin Hayward took time to reminisce, discussing different aspects of his life as a Moody Blue.

ON THE INCREDIBLE RESPONSE THE MOODY BLUES RECEIVED (ESPECIALLY FOR *KNIGHTS IN WHITE SATIN*) DURING THEIR RECENT TOUR:

The crowd makes the magic happen; everybody's ready for it. As far as *Knights* goes, my Mum always bursts into tears. It's most embarrassing. Whenever she comes to a gig, you've got to be very careful who you sit her next to. Graeme Edge, our drummer, always calls that song our karate chop, because the audience is on the floor. And it just depends how long you want — I know this sounds incredibly blase' — to let the applause go on for, how long you want to stand there and dig it. The thing about that number is the meaning it holds for a lot of people. You can feel it when you start. You're in the audience looking at us, but I'm looking out. No matter what people say, you *can* see the audience. As soon as that number starts, you see couples hold hands, and people start snuggling and kissing and cuddling and everything. It's amazing, and I can feel it.

ON TIME SPENT OFF THE ROAD:

It's an incredibly schizophrenic life. You come out on the road and you're a big star, and you're getting into limousines, people are buying you drinks, and "Hey, can I have your autograph?" and "Man, you're great," and then the other half of your life is spent in the studio where you couldn't be less of a star. People in the recording industry don't treat anybody like stars. It's trials and tribulations, and oh, can we get it right, and no sleep. My family's very important to me. I love to have that base. You've got to be able to go home.

ON HIS CONVICTIONS AND DREAMS:

I have a dream that we never get on stage. I'm in the dressing room and I've forgotten something, my guitar or my clothes. So, I have to go home for them, and by the time I get back it's all over. The roadies are packing up the equipment, and saying, "Oh, you missed it, Jus." I've had many dreams about being on the road, but I'm never on stage. Very weird, isn't it? Maybe that's the fear. I once had a dream that I was with Paul McCartney and he was playing me this new Beatles' song (it was when the Beatles were still going). It was one of those dreams where you know it's a dream, and you're thinking, "Now, this is a dream, and this is Paul McCartney singing me his new song, and if I can remember it, I'm really in. I'm gonna make a fortune with this." I made a mental note while it was happening. But when I woke up I couldn't remember anything about it at all. I can remember being there and watching him do it, but I couldn't remember any of the song, the most beautiful I've ever heard.□

Rock'n'Roll Hit Parade

Exlusive Feature: Top Ten Countdown of the Hitmakers

compiled by
Bob Grossweiner

Each month *Hit Parader* features the all-time favorite recordings from the turntables of today's most popular artists. Taking center stage this month are three of the hardest rocking drummers around: Joey Kramer, Gil Moore and Clive Burr.

CLIVE BURR, drummer, Iron Maiden

1. **Joe's Garage, Act I** and **Joe's Garage, Acts II & III**, Frank Zappa
2. **Sheik Yerbouti**, Frank Zappa
3. **Hot Rats**, Frank Zappa
4. **Zoot Allures**, Frank Zappa
5. **Fillmore East, June 1971**, the Mothers (of Invention)
6. **Electric Ladyland**, the Jimi Hendrix Experience
7. **Machine Head**, Deep Purple
8. **Live at Budokan, Vols. 1 & 2** (Japanese import), Ian Gillan
9. **Ready an' Willing**, Whitesnake
10. **Lovedrive**, Scorpions

GIL MOORE, drummer, Triumph

1. **Machine Head**, Deep Purple
   "Classic rock."
2. **Soul Men**, Sam & Dave
   "From the heart."
3. **Houses of the Holy**, Led Zeppelin
   "Raw"
4. **Untitled, (Led Zeppelin IV)**, Led Zeppelin
   "Rawer."
5. **Deep Purple in Rock**, Deep Purple
   "Rock progressing."
6. **A Long Time Comin'**, the Electric Flag
   "White r&b first meets white r&r."
7. **Please, Please, Please**, James Brown
   "The King of them all."
8. **Presence**, Led Zeppelin
   "Intense high blood pressure nerve rock."
9. **Together for the First Time Live**, B.B. King & Bobby "Blue" Bland
   "Can't lose if you play the bloose."
10. **Ace of Spades**, Motorhead
    "Guys in the band are 10 out of 10."

JOEY KRAMER, drummer, Aerosmith

1. **Led Zeppelin I**, Led Zeppelin
2. **Child Is Father to the Man**, Blood, Sweat & Tears
3. **Montrose**, Montrose
4. **Zenyatta Mondatta**, the Police
5. **All 'N' All**, Earth, Wind & Fire
6. **For Your Love**, the Yardbirds
7. **Revolution of the Mind**, James Brown
8. **Rejuvenation**, the Meters
9. **Rocks**, Aerosmith
10. **Axis: Bold As Love**, the Jimi Hendrix Experience

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HIT PARADER'S

Sports Challenge

This month:

DOUG FIEGER'S ROUND TRIP

The *Hit Parader* staff issues this challenge: We dare the rock stars to take us on in sports competition. Various events include pinball, ping pong and pool. Other sports will be considered, including mud wrestling (with the proper party, of course). Results will be announced in these pages.

"When Pong first came out, I must have spent $10,000 on it in one year," said Doug Fieger. "I got really proficient. Then they came out with the double and triple paddles. I was great with all the pong games.

"There was a Space Invaders machine in England at the AIR studios. After a while, we followed the pattern. You'd shoot your shots and after the seventeenth one, you'd hit the spaceship, and that was better than hitting all the other guys."

The Knack's singer/guitarist is now doubly proficient at Pong and Space Invaders because he has an Atari home system. At Nathan's, a world-famous hot dog joint in New York's Times Square, we hit Pac-Man, the biggest rage in video games today. Fieger insisted on going first, even though he wasn't too sure what he had to do. After three rounds, he lost 5100 to 2150.

"I've never played this one before," he said, when asked for a losing statement. "It's been a learning experience, but I'm going to get good at it, I promise you. I'll do my best to catch these little fuckers."

He did get better. On his first round in the next game, Fieger totalled 2160 points, more than his score in the first game. He didn't keep up the momentum, however, and lost 5610 to 2730.

"Forget video," he said at the end of the second game. "I'm still learning how to play guitar, for crying out loud."□

The Knack's Doug Fieger: "Forget video. I'm still learning how to play guitar, for crying out loud."

Laurie Paladino

Saxon, from left: Graham Oliver, Steve Dawson, Peter "Biff" Byford, Paul Quinn, Peter Gill.

SAXON

BLOOD & GUTS

Heavy Metalists Invade America After Winning The Battle Of Britain

by Andy Secher

London's Hammersmith Odeon was packed to the rafters with 3,000 rabid headbangers who paid their five quid and stood out in the rain for over an hour to see the hottest hard rock band on the British Isles. No, they weren't waiting to see Sabbath, Priest or a reformed Zeppelin. They were there for Saxon, a five-man band from South Yorkshire, who, over the last year, have risen from virtual obscurity to take the English music scene by storm. **Denim and Leather**, their latest album, is secure in the top ten of the British charts (and making a strong move on the American charts as well) thanks to guitarists Graham Oliver and Paul Quinn, bassist Steve Dawson, drummer Peter Gill, and vocalist Peter "Biff" Byford.

"When we were first starting out a few years back everybody told us to cut our hair and go new-wave," Biff said with a laugh, as he sat backstage following the band's Hammersmith gig. "They said, 'don't you know that heavy-metal's dead?' We looked at them and said, 'drop dead you bloody wanker, what the fuck do you know!' Metal's the only music that has any substance. New-wave, new romantics and all those other shitty trends were all made up by bloody journalists who were looking for something to write about. They slagged metal for years and were getting tired of writing about it — even though the fans obviously weren't getting tired of listening to it. When we came along they told us that we didn't have the chance of a snowflake in hell of making it. Well," he added with a maniacal gleam in his eyes, "I think we showed 'em."

While they may have shown the English music corps the strength of their metallic attack, they've remained favorite press targets due to what one British scribe tagged, "their apparent lack of any original ideas." Undeniably, Saxon's approach relies heavily on recycled Zep riffs, and their image as rough 'n' tumble "bikers" is lifted in toto from the Judas Priest primer of metal mayhem, but despite these deficiencies Saxon has created a sound that's surprisingly fresh and exciting. After all, who ever said you had to be original to be a heavy-metal band?

"What's wrong with showing a few influences?" Graham Oliver said with a laugh. "If you can find a band that hasn't borrowed a few ideas from their favorites, I'll show you a band that never made it. We haven't been as blatant as the music papers would have you believe. In fact, on **Denim and Leather** we've come up with some of the best hard rock riffs I've heard. I'm not ashamed to admit that I loved all the heavy bands from the early '70s, but I'm also not ashamed to say that this is the '80s and Saxon is what's happening now."

"Just listen to the new album," Biff chimed in. "A song like *Princess of the Night* or *Midnight Rider* is just fuckin' good rock and roll. Who cares what the papers think anyhow? The people out there tonight got soaked waiting to get in but still cheered every note: they're the only 'critics' we need to please. Maybe some of them were too young to ever see Cream or Deep Purple, and they want to know what all the excitement was about. We show 'em. All we want to do in this band is please the people. As long as we can do that, anyone who criticizes us can go to hell."

Saxon's loyal following in England allows them the luxury of conquering a new horizon — America. "We toured there last year for six weeks with Rush," Oliver said. "It was quite an experience. We were overwhelmed by it, though it went very well. We're looking forward to return in support of the new album. We have a new record deal, and I think they're going to give us the support we need. America is so big that it will take a while for us to break through, but we're willing to work as hard as we must in order to be successful. That's the formula we used in Britain, and this band's never shied away from hard work. The harder we work the louder we play."□

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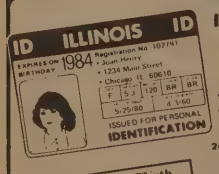

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MIRROR, MIRROR

(As recorded by Diana Ross)

MICHAEL SEMBELLO
DENNIS MATKOSKY

Mirror, mirror
On the wall
You said you had the answer to it all
You never told me I'd take a fall
Mirror, mirror
On the wall.

You have turned my life into a paperback novel
Words that came to life inside your little melodrama
Chapter one
When I was young, I came to you with my problems
Chapter two
You promised me love and anything that I desired.

Tell me mirror, mirror
Mirror on the wall
Thought you said you had the answer to it all
Never told me I was gonna take a fall
Tell me mirror, mirror
Mirror on the wall.

You have nailed my heart upon the wall for your pleasure
You have cast a spell that cannot ever be broken
And now my eyes grow tired
I watch my picture getting older
But I remain the same
Trapped in this mirror forever.

Tell me mirror, mirror
Mirror on the wall
Thought you said you had the answer to it all
Never told me I was gonna take a fall
Tell me mirror, mirror
Mirror on the wall.

I talk to you each night
And I follow your advice
You've been wrong
What's the price I have to pay
For this fairy tale thing called love
Let me go.

(Repeat chorus)

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LADY LUCK

(As recorded by Molly Hatchet)

DAVE HLUBEK

You can break a mirror
Light three on a match
Walk under a ladder
Kick a black cat
Try your luck in Vegas
Shoot nothing but craps
But I'll gamble on my lady
When my luck's running bad.
'Cause she's my lady luck
She must have come
From heaven above
Now she's my lady luck
My good luck charm
A winner at love.

Spin the wheel of fortune
Look for your pot of gold
Try to make the clock turn back
And never get old
Rolling 7's and 11's
'Til the dice grow cold
But I'll always be a winner
With the luck that I hold.

'Cause she's my lady luck
She must have come
From heaven above
Now she's my lady luck
My good luck charm
A winner at love.

You can break a mirror
Light three on a match
Walk under a ladder
Kick a black cat
Try your luck in Vegas
Shooting nothing but craps
But I'll gamble on my lady
When my luck's running bad.
'Cause she's my lady luck
She must have come
From heaven above
Now she's my lady luck
My good luck charm
A winner at love.
Now she's my lady luck
She must have come
From heaven above
Now she's my lady luck
My good luck charm
A winner at love.
Now she's my lady luck
She must have come
From heaven above
Now she's my lady luck
My good luck charm
A winner at love.
Now she's my lady luck
She must have come
From heaven above
Now she's my lady luck
My good luck charm
A winner at love.

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WAITING ON A FRIEND

(As recorded by The Rolling Stones)

MICK JAGGER
KEITH RICHARDS

Watching girls go passing by
It ain't the latest thing
I'm just standing in a doorway
I'm just trying to make some sense
Out of these girls passing by
The tales they tell of men
I'm not waiting on a lady
I'm just waiting on a friend
Mmmm a smile relieves a heart that grieves
Remember what I said
I'm not waiting on a lady
I'm just waiting on a friend.

I'm just waiting on a friend
Just waiting on a friend
I'm just waiting on a friend
Just waiting on a friend.

Don't need a whore
Don't need no booze
Don't need a virgin priest
But I need someone I can cry to
I need someone to protect
Oooh making love and breaking hearts
It is a game for youth
But I'm not waiting on a lady
I'm just waiting on a friend.

I'm just waiting on a friend
Just waiting on a friend
I'm just waiting on a friend
I'm just waiting on a friend
Just waiting on a friend.

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HARDEN MY HEART

(As recorded by Quarterflash)

MARV ROSS

Cryin' on the corner
Waitin' in the rain
I swear I'll never ever wait again
You gave me your word
But words for you are lies
Darlin' in my wildest dreams
I never thought I'd go
But it's time to let you know.

I'm gonna harden my heart
I'm gonna swallow my tears
I'm gonna turn and leave you here.

All of my life I been waitin' in the rain
I been waitin' for a feelin' that never ever came
It feels so close
But always disappears
Darlin' in your wildest dreams
You never had a clue
But it's time you got the news.

I'm gonna harden my heart
I'm gonna swallow my tears
I'm gonna turn and leave you here.

Darlin' in my wildest dreams
I never thought I'd go
But it's time to let you know.

I'm gonna harden my heart
I'm gonna swallow my tears
I'm gonna turn and leave you here.

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LITTLE DARLIN'

(As recorded by Sheila)

HOLLY KNIGHT
AMANDA BLUE

Would you know me in the passing crowd
Lonely faces that once were ours
From the moment that I caught your eye
I felt my loneliness fly
Tell me would you know me
Show me there's no need to be afraid.

Little darlin'
Would you love me forever
Little darlin'
Would you love me forever
Little darlin'
Never leave me, no never
Little darlin'
Would you love me forever.

You know it's empty out there on the street
But there was a magic where we used to meet
A year ago I didn't know your name
I was out there playing silly games
Hold me for a moment
I'm here with you
And everything just disappears.
(Repeat chorus)

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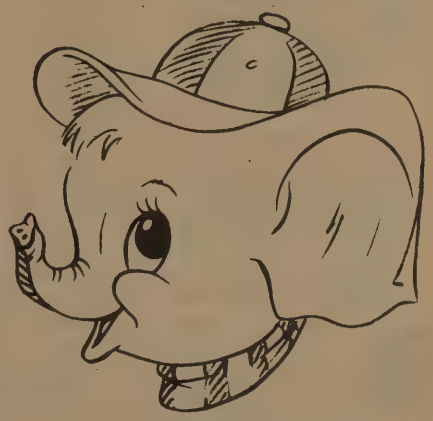

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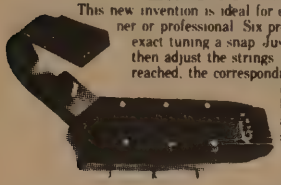

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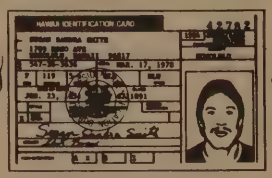

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CRAZY (Keep On Falling)

(As recorded by The John Hall Band)

JOHN HALL
JOHANNA HALL
ERIC PARKER
BOB LEINBACH

I'm crazy
Crazy 'bout the way you love me
Baby I shiver ev'ry time we touch
But sometimes I worry
When you're not around
I'm thinking is this love
Or something else we found.

But I keep on falling
Keep on falling in love
Falling back again
I keep on falling
Keep on falling in love.

Well you're crazy
So wild and free
It's not easy livin' with a man like me no
All those miles between us
And all the time alone
Seem to fade away
When I get back home girl.

And I keep on falling
Keep on falling in love
Falling back again
I keep on falling
Keep on falling in love.

I'm falling yeah, yeah.

When you hold me
Keep me up all night
You make it easy
To forget about the trouble that we see
Should anybody love somebody this much
That this madness is magic to me.

It's crazy
It feels like it will never end
And it's stronger, stronger than it's ever been
As the years go by it will lift us higher
And there's no (no) way (way) to ever, ever put out the fire.

And I keep on falling
Keep on falling in love
Falling back again
I keep on falling
Keep on falling in love.

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SOMEWHERE DOWN THE ROAD

(As recorded by Barry Manilow)

TOM SNOW
CYNTHIA WEIL

We had the right love
At the wrong time
Guess I always knew inside
I wouldn't have you for a long time.

Those dreams of yours
Are shining on distant shores
And if they're calling you away
I have no right to make you stay.

But somewhere down the road
Our roads are gonna cross again
It doesn't really matter when
But somewhere down the road
I know that heart of yours will come to see
That you belong with me.

Sometimes goodbyes are not forever
It doesn't matter if you're gone
I still believe in us together
I understand more than you think I can
You have to go out on your own
So you can find your way back home.

And somewhere down the road
Our roads are gonna cross again
It doesn't really matter when
But somewhere down the road
I know that heart of yours will come to see
That you belong with me
Letting go is just another way to say
I'll always love you so.

We had the right love
At the wrong time
Maybe we've only just begun
Maybe the best is yet to come.

'Cause somewhere down the road
Our roads are gonna cross again
It doesn't really matter when
But somewhere down the road
I know that heart of yours will come to see
That you belong
With me.

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TORA, TORA, TORA (Out With The Boys)

(As recorded by Rod Stewart)

ROD STEWART

Payday Friday and the weekend's here
I've been workin' all week tryin' to pay for this gear
Gonna raise hell on Union Street
Thirteen guys and a packet of three
And if I don't get laid I'll sure die trying
Tonight this city's gonna be all mine.

I wanna talk about motorbikes, cars and things
No sophistication or designer jeans
I'm no angel but I know what I like
A little rough and tumble on a Friday night
I'm like a cornered rat I gotta explode
Goodbye baby don't know when I'll be home
I don't know.

Tora, tora, tora
Out with the boys
Tora, tora, tora
Out with the boys
Tora, tora, tora
Out with the boys tonight.

By eleven o'clock I'll be flyin' high
Ain't nothin' in the world that I don't try
Jimmy got smashed took his trousers off ooh
Bar man said 'you boys have had enough'
Join the army get yourself a decent job
Indecent exposure in a parking lot oh no.
(Repeat chorus)

Bundle on the dance floor
A jaw got bust
Swear to God that it wasn't one of us
A seven-foot bouncer called the police
He got pulled in for disturbing the peace
Well if you can't take a joke
Then there ain't no point in living
Sunday morning and I woke up laughin' yeah.

Tora, tora, tora
Out with the boys
Tora, tora, tora
Out with the boys
Tora, tora, tora
Out with the boys tonight.

What d'you say
Tora, tora, tora
Where's my old man
Tora, tora, tora
Where's my old man
Tora, tora, tora
Out with the boys
Ha ha oh yeah.
(Repeat chorus)

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WORKING FOR THE WEEKEND

(As recorded by Loverboy)

PAUL DEAN
MIKE RENO
MATTHEW FRENETTE

Ev'ryone's watchin'
To see what you will do
Ev'ryone's lookin' at you ooo
Ev'ryone's wonderin'
Will you come out tonight
Ev'ryone's tryin' to get it right
Get it right.

Ev'rybody's workin' for the weekend
Ev'rybody wants a new romance
Ev'rybody's goin' off the deep end
Ev'rybody needs a second chance
oh.

You want a piece of my heart
You better start from the start
You wanna be in the show
Come on baby let's go.

Ev'ryone's lookin'
To see if it was you
Ev'ryone wants you to come through
Ev'ryone's hopin'
It'll all work out
Ev'ryone's waitin' to hold it out.

Ev'rybody's workin' for the weekend
Ev'rybody wants a new romance
Ev'rybody's goin' off the deep end
Ev'rybody needs a second chance
oh.

You want a piece of my heart
You better start from the start
You wanna be in the show
Come on baby let's go.
(Repeat)

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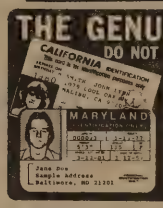

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LET ME LOVE YOU ONCE BEFORE YOU GO

(As recorded by Greg Lake)

MOLLY-ANN LEIKIN
STEPHEN H. DORFF

It's like looking in the window of a fine boutique
Knowing there is nothing I could ever buy

Still I want to love so much that I could die
But I just can't lead a double life
Being one man's love, one man's wife

But you can start a fire ragin' just by touching me
Even though I know we're not supposed to touch

Oh I never wanted anyone so much
How I wish that I had found you first
Don't you see my heart's about to burst.

Let me love you once before you go
Your eyes keep saying "yes" to me
So don't keep saying "no"
Let me love you once and then you'll see
No one's ever gonna love you more than me.

Let me lock the door and open all my love to you
All the love I've longed to give you since we met
It's the only chance I'm ever goin' to get
And I just can't let you disappear
Oh my darling please come over here.

Let me love you once before you go
Your eyes keep saying "yes" to me
So don't keep saying "no"
Let me love you once and then you'll see
No one's ever gonna love you more than me
No one's ever gonna love you more than me.

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TAKE IT EASY ON ME

(As recorded by Little River Band)

GRAHAM GOBLE

It used to be so easy to be your lover
We wandered through the days like they had no end
But now that you are gone I'm undercover
I just can't think about you as a friend.

Take it easy on me
It should be easy to see
I'm getting lost in the crowd
Hear me cryin' out loud
I just want you to know
I know that you have to go
It's all up to you
But whatever you do
Take it easy on me.

So now I'll go the minstrel road without you
I know there will be times when I'll need you there
And each night as I sing those songs about you
I'll think back to the time when you used to care.

Take it easy on me
It should be easy to see
I'm getting lost in the crowd
Hear me cryin' out loud
I just want you to know
I know that you have to go
It's all up to you
But whatever you do
Take it easy on me.

Take it easy on me
Oh baby don't leave me cryin'
It should be easy to see
I've needed you for so long
Just one more chance with you
One more chance, will you
Take a chance come on and take a chance.

Take it easy on me
It should be easy to see
I'm getting lost in the crowd
Hear me cryin' out loud
Just want you to know
I know that you have to go
It's all up to you
But whatever you do
Take it easy on me
It's still up to you
But whatever you do
Take it easy on me.

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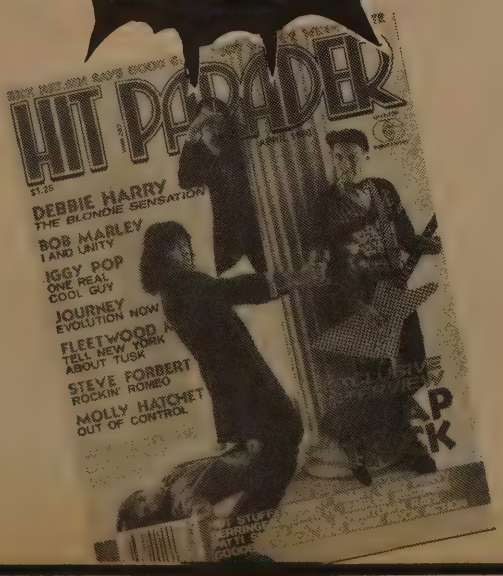

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ABACAB

(As recorded by Genesis)

TONY BANKS
PHIL COLLINS
MIKE RUTHERFORD

Look up on the wall
There on the floor
Under the pillow
Behind the door
There's a crack in the mirror
Somewhere there's a hole in the window pane.

Do you think I'm to blame
Tell me do you think I'm to blame
(When we do it)
You're never there
(When you show it)
You stop and stare
(Abacab)
He's in anywhere
(Abacab).

If you're wrapping up the world
'Cause you've taken someone else's girl
When they turn on the pillow
Even when they answer the telephone
Don't you think that by now
Tell me don't you think that by now.

(When we do it)
You're never there
(When you show it)
You stop and stare
(Abacab)
He's in anywhere
(Abacab)
Doesn't really care.

You want it
You've got it
Now you know
You want it
You've got it
Now you know.

It's an illusion
It's a game
Or reflection
Of someone else's name
When you wake in the morning
Wake and find you're covered in cellophane
Well there's a hole in the somewhere
Yeah there's a hole in the somewhere
Baby there's a hole in the somewhere
Now there's a hole in the somewhere.

(When we do it)
You're never there
(When you show it)
You stop and stare
(Abacab)
He's in anywhere
(Abacab).

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SWEET DREAMS

(As recorded by Air Supply)

GRAHAM RUSSELL

This is the time when you need a friend
You just need someone near
I'm not looking forward to the night I'll spend
Thinking of you when you're not here

How many times will I think
About the things I'd like to do
Always denied the right to live my life the way I want
I want to share it with you.

Close your eyes
I want to ride the skies
In my sweet dreams
Close your eyes
I want to see you tonight
In my sweet dreams.

I'll think of your kiss as the days roll by
And I'll write the words you love
And what I can't say in a letter
Will just have to wait till I get home.

There's not much time
To tell you half the things that I should
Only that I'm so glad I fell in love with you
And I'd do it again if I could.

Close your eyes
I want to ride the skies
In my sweet dreams
Close your eyes
I want to see you tonight
In my sweet dreams.
(Repeat)

Sleep like a child resting deep
You don't know what you give me
I keep for these moments alone.

Close your eyes
I want to ride the skies
In my sweet dreams
Close your eyes
I want to see you tonight
In my sweet dreams.
(Repeat)

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How to make others secretly DO YOUR BIDDING with the astonishing power of

AUTOMATIC MIND COMMAND!

Here's how to get started in just 3 minutes . . .

Dear Friend:

New power is about to leap into your life . . . an astonishing way to control the thoughts and actions of others without their knowing it . . . no matter how much they may *not* want to follow your instructions, they carry them out to a "T" every time!

With "Automatic Mind-Command" you'll be running the show. Make a wish, turn on The Power, and watch those around you drop everything and do what they're told.

And nobody will even have the faintest idea that you're behind it all. That's the beauty of "Automatic Mind-Command"—you are the only one who knows what's going on—*you* alone decide when things should start . . . stop . . . change around.

CONTROL YOUR FRIENDS OR STRANGERS!

You can use it to control your friends or strangers, one at a time or in large numbers, at any time, and ANY WAY YOU LIKE.

For example: You go into a bank for a loan. The credit man smiles but says "Sorry. You don't qualify for a loan right now: however, if there's anything else I can do for you, I'd be glad to . . ." Then in a flash, his tune changes when you let loose your "Automatic Mind-Command." He continues, "In fact, we'll be glad to give you $1,000 more than you asked for. And any time you want more, just see me personally! Thank you so much for coming by!"

Impossible? You'll be doing things like that every day without even thinking about it. As soon as you need something done, *it's done!* The people who do these things for you will remember what they did, but not *why!*

FUN POWER—TOO!

You can have a lot of fun with this power, too. Look how Evelyn C. used it at work . . . One day, while sorting papers, her boss angrily inquired why she had to make so much noise—and scolded her in front of everybody. Evelyn said nothing, but smiled to herself—for she had just turned on the "Automatic Mind-Command . . ." Suddenly the boss apologized for being a scoundrel. "Please . . . I'm sorry," he said, in front of everybody. "I'd like to make it up to you!" And he told her what a wonderful person she was! When Evelyn turned the power off, the boss just stood there with an open mouth, wondering what made him say all those things.

Think what this power can mean in your life. You need money . . . and it's there! You want some affection . . . you'll be smothered! You want peace and quiet . . . the world stands still!

NO MORE SECRETS WILL BE KEPT FROM YOU!

People who think they can hold back the facts will meet their master in you! You just fire a little "Automatic Mind-Command" at them, and they'll sing like meadowlarks . . . Nona J. was at her wits' end when she tried to find the money she'd put aside to pay the rent—it was gone. A frantic search through the house turned up nothing. There was only one possibility left . . . she asked Billy. A look of surprise crossed his face. No—he hadn't seen any money. But Nona didn't believe him, and started using "Automatic Mind-Command" to find out if he was telling the truth. Suddenly Billy reached into his pocket and took out a roll of money. After giving her the money, he acted as if nothing had happened!

Think how many secrets must be hidden all around you! Things your spouse won't tell . . . your neighbors won't say . . . your boss keeps quiet about . . . ALL BROUGHT INTO THE OPEN JUST FOR YOU!! They'll tell you all their secrets, but they won't know why.

Hold on now, because I haven't told you yet about the best part of "Automatic Mind-Command."

You may have to bolt your door to keep people from overwhelming you with love, gifts, favors, rewards! Perfect strangers will be walking up to you and asking, "How are you? Can I do anything for you?" They will never suspect that "Automatic Mind-Command" is impelling them to like you, please you . . . and automatically want to help you.

INSTANTLY YOUR LIFE IS CHANGED!

At first, I couldn't believe it. And yet I know this to be true from my own personal experience . . . time after time. For example . . .

A STRANGER HANDS HIM $500—Harry G., a low-paid factory worker, wanted to start a business of his own. All he needed was cash to get started, but no one would give him the money. Finally someone told him how to use "Automatic Mind-Command"—and Harry laughingly tried it. A short time later, a perfect stranger handed him $500—saying he'd heard about Harry's plan, and was eager to help him get started!

Unusual? Not at all . . . things happen every day with "Automatic Mind-Command."

RECEIVES NEEDED CASH QUICKLY!—Mrs. Thelma J. reports, "I needed money badly." Her husband hadn't worked in months, and their savings were running out. Then she discovered "Automatic Mind-Command"—and turned on the power immediately! The next morning she received a package containing several hundred dollars from friends and well-wishers she never knew existed!

In all history, few indeed are the ones who have recognized "Automatic Mind-Command." The rest, who do not use it, pay the penalty in suffering, wishing, hoping, dreaming . . . Now I say to you: Wish no more!

HOW TO GET STARTED IN JUST 3 MINUTES!

Minute #1—Fill out the No-Risk Coupon and mail it to us.

Minute #2—When you receive a package in the mail from us, open it.

Minute #3—Lift the front cover, and let the secret feed itself in to your mind automatically.

After that, sit back, relax—and see how this power can work for you. It's as simple as that! It won't cost you one penny unless it works!

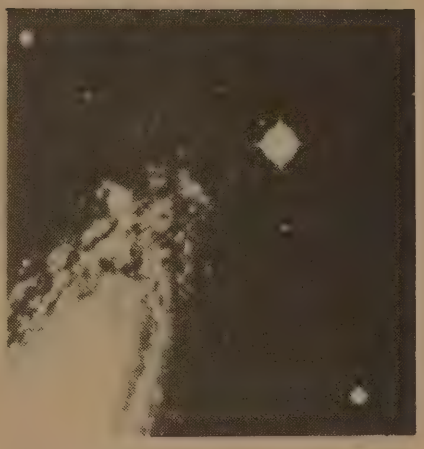
IN THAT INSTANT, YOU WILL ALREADY BE ABLE TO USE "AUTOMATIC MIND-COMMAND" FOR THE FIRST TIME . . . for money, love, healing, protection, and much more!

Imagine the thrill—after a lifetime of "scrimping" and "penny-pinching"—to see a tidal wave of riches rolling into your life from every direction—pay raises, bonuses, gifts, legacies . . . a rising tide of good fortune!

MORE AMAZING CASE HISTORIES!

And it's all just *minutes* away!

Larry S. wanted to see his girlfriend—although he had no idea where she was—and no way of contacting her by letter or phone. From far away . . . he began using "Automatic Mind-Command!" In that instant, his girlfriend knew what she had to do. She dropped what she was doing, excused herself and hurried to visit him. Arriving in record time—she hugged and kissed him, explaining that "something" told her he wanted and needed her, and what could she do for him!



Now here's a most fantastic use of "Automatic Mind-Command"—one I'm sure you'll agree proves that here is a power which staggers the imagination!

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Sincerely yours,

Scott Reed

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott Reed is one of the nation's leading mind-power experts. Presently engaged as a writer on developments in the behavioral sciences, his revelations about the unseen world of the mind have been read by millions. A graduate of the City University of New York, his own life is living proof of "Automatic Mind-Command."

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KEY LARGO

(As recorded by Bertie Higgins)

ELBERT J. HIGGINS
SONNY LIMBO

Wrapped around each other
Tryin' so hard, hard to stay warm
That first cold winter together
Lyin' in each others arms
Watchin' those old movies
Falling in love so desperately
Honey I was your hero
And you were my leading lady.

We had it all
Just like Bogey and Bacall
Starring in our own late, late show
Sailin' away to Key Largo
Here's lookin' at you kid
Missin' all the things we did
We can find it once again I know
Just like they did in Key Largo
Honey can't you remember
Playin' all the parts
That scene of surrender sweet
When you gave me your heart
Please say you will
Play it again
'Cause I love you still
Baby this can't be the end
We had it all
Just like Bogey and Bacall
Starring in our own late, late show
Sailin' away to Key Largo
Here's lookin' at you kid
Missin' all the things we did
We can find it once again I know
Just like they did in Key Largo
We had it all.

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A WORLD WITHOUT HEROES

(As recorded by Kiss)

PAUL STANLEY
LOU REED
BOB EZRIN
GENE SIMMONS

A world without heroes
Is like a world without sun
You can't look up to anyone without heroes
A world without heroes
Is like a never ending race
Is like a time without a place
A pointless thing devoid of grace
Where you don't know what you're after
Or if something's after you
And you don't know why
You don't know in a world without heroes
In a world without dreams
Things are no more than they seem.

And a world without heroes
Is like a bird without wings
Or a bell that never rings
Just a sad and useless thing
Where you don't know what you're after
Or if something's after you
And you don't know why
You don't know
In a world without heroes
There's nothing to be
It's no place for me.

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STEAL THE NIGHT

(As recorded by Stevie Woods)

BILL BOWERSOCK
MATT VERNON
TREVOR VEITCH

I see the message in your eyes
I feel the hunger closing in
As something deep within the night
Tells me that I'm in love again.

I know it's not the first time
And I know it won't be the last
All alone I can't make the verse rhyme
No don't let this one slip past.

Let's steal the night
Let's make our great escape
Steal the night
Hey, hey
Let's steal the night
Before it gets too late
Steal the night away
Steal the night away.

I can clearly read your mind
Caught by your fire from the start
So let's not waste our precious time
Go on and listen to your heart.
(Repeat bridge and chorus)

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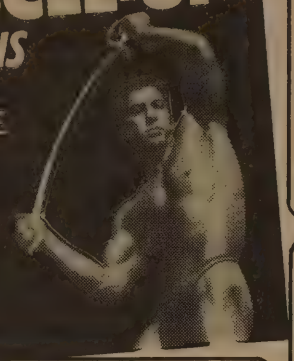

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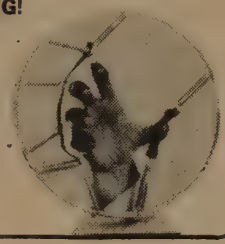

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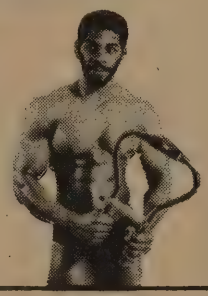

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HP 1

FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT

(As recorded by Triumph)

RIK EMMETT

The days grow shorter
And the nights are getting long
Feels like we're running out of time
Every day it seems much harder
Telling right from wrong
You got to read between the lines.

Don't get discouraged, don't be afraid, we can
'N' make it through another day
Make it worth the price we pay.

Fight the good fight every moment
Every minute, every day
Fight the good fight every moment
It's your only way.

The Good Book says it's better to give than to receive
I do my best to do my part
Nothin' in my pockets
I got nothin' up my sleeve
I keep my magic in my heart
Keep up your spirit
Keep up your faith baby
I am counting on you
You know what you've got to do.
(Repeat chorus)

All your life you've been waiting for a chance
Where you'll fit into the plan
But you're the master of your own destiny
So give and take
The best that you can.

You'd think a little more money will buy your soul some rest
You'd better think of something else instead
You're so afraid of being honest with yourself
You'd better take a look inside your head.

Nothin' is easy
Nothin' good is free
But I can tell you where to start
Take a look inside your heart
There's an answer in your heart.
(Repeat chorus)

Every moment of your lifetime
Every minute every day
Fight the good feeling every moment
Make it worth the price we pay.

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MY KINDA LOVER

(As recorded by Billy Squier)

BILLY SQUIER

You got me runnin' baby
You give me somethin' way beyond revenue
You put the magic in me
I feel the magic when we do what we do
And oh I can't do without you for too long
You're my situation
You're my kinda lover, my kinda lover, my kinda lover
My kinda lover, my kinda lover, my kinda lover.

You keep me all together
You take me out whenever I'm lettin' down
You got the motions baby
I got a notion maybe I'll stick around
And oh I can never doubt you for too long
I can't see no reason
You're my kinda lover, my kinda lover, my kinda lover
My kinda lover, my kinda lover, my kinda lover.

When you come 'round I never get down
I fly across the floor
I can see you comin' on me
And I can't ask for more
Rock me, sock me
Baby you got me ridin' to the end
Rake me, shake me
Baby you make me
Turn me on again.

You got my motor racin'
I find my thoughts embracin'
Your every move
Now I wanna set you reelin'
I wanna make you feel the way that I do
And oh I been thinkin' 'bout you for so long
Now I don't wanna lose ya
You're my kinda lover, my kinda lover, my kinda lover
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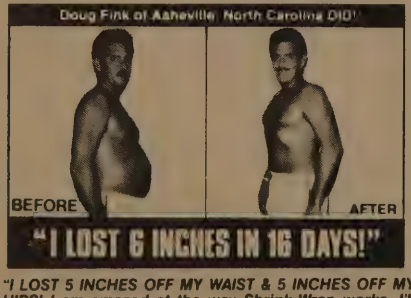

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FREEZE-FRAME

(As recorded by The J. Geils Band)

PETER WOLF
SETH JUSTMAN

Freeze-frame.

I could see it was a rough-cut Tuesday
Slow-motion weekends stare me down
Her lipstick reflex got me wound
There were no defects to be found
Snapshot image froze without a sound.
Thursday morning was a hot-flash factor
Her face still focused in my mind
Test-strip proof-sheet love is hard to find
Friday night we'll dance the spotlight grind
Stop-time heart for me if she's not mine.
Freeze-frame
Freeze-frame
Freeze-frame
Freeze-frame
Freeze-frame
Freeze-frame
Freeze-frame woo
Now freeze.

Now I'm looking at a flashback Sunday
Zoom lens feelings just don't disappear
Close up darkroom sweet talk in my ear
Her hot-spot love for me is strong
This freeze-frame moment can't be wrong.
(Repeat chorus)

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YOUNG TURKS

(As recorded by Rod Stewart)

ROD STEWART
KEVIN SAVIGAR
CARMINE APPICE
DUANE HITCHINGS

Billy left his home with a dollar in his pocket
And a head full of dreams
He said somehow someway it's gotta get better than this
Patti packed her bags left a note for her mamma
She was just seventeen
There were tears in her eyes when she kissed her little sister goodbye.

They held each other tight as they drove on through the night
They were so excited
We got but one shot at life let's take it while we're still not afraid
Because life is so brief and time is a thief
When you're undecided
And like a fistful of sand it can slip right through your hands.

Young hearts be free tonight
Time is on your side
Don't let them put you down
Don't let 'em push you around
Don't let 'em ever change your point of view.

Paradise was closed so they headed for the coast in a blissful manner
They took a two room apartment that was jumping every night of the week
Happiness was found in each other's arms
As expected yeah
Billy pierced his ears, drove a pick-up like a lunatic ooh.

Young hearts be free tonight
Time is on your side
Don't let them put you down
Don't let 'em push you around
Don't let 'em ever change your point of view.

Come on Billy.

(Ooh)
Young hearts be free tonight
(Ooh)
Time is on, on your side.

Billy wrote a letter back home to Patti's parents
Trying to explain
He said we're both real sorry that it had to turn out this way
But there ain't no point in talking when there's nobody listening
So we just ran away
Patti gave birth to a ten pound baby boy yeah.

Young hearts be free tonight
Time is on your side
Young hearts be free tonight
Time is on your side
Young hearts gotta run be free to live
Time is on your, time is on your side
Time, time, time, time is on your side, is on your side, is on your side
Young hearts be free tonight, tonight, tonight, tonight, tonight yeah
Time is on your side
(Ooh).

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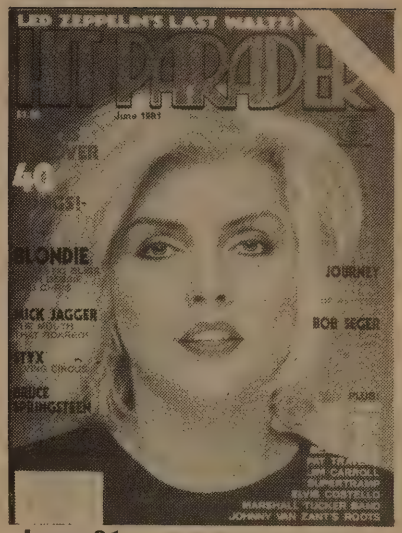

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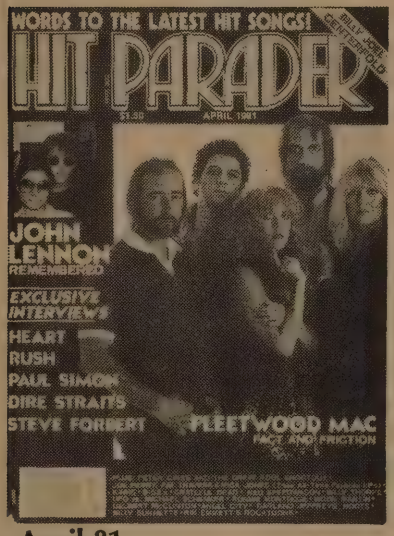

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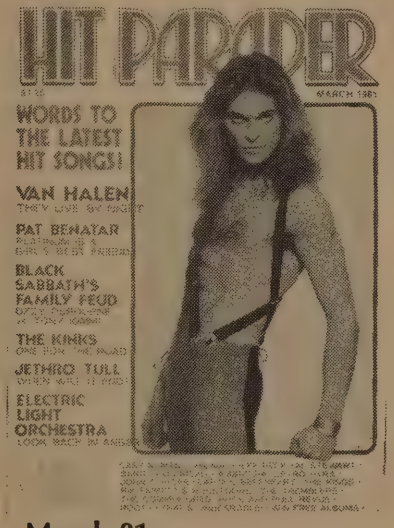

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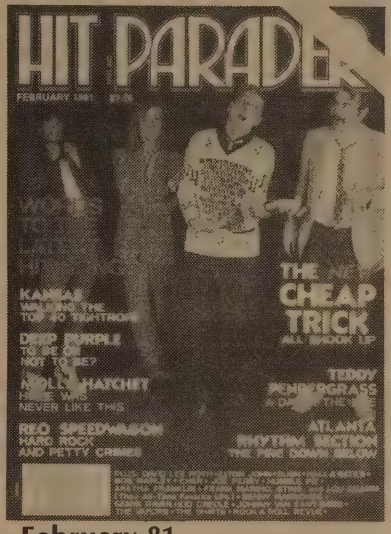

February 81

March, 1982
The Police — Straight Shooting
Genesis — Best & Brightest
Rolling Stones Exclusive Interview — More Than Meets The Eye
AC/DC's Angus Young — In His Own Words
Jon Anderson — And Then There Were None

February, 1982
Kiss — Go For Broke
Molly Hatchet — Rock & Roll Gasoline
Billy Joel — The Lone Ranger
Grateful Dead — Smoke Gets In Your Eyes
Adam & The Ants — Going In Style

January, 1982
Hit Parader's Top Ten: Readers Vote AC/DC #1 Rock Act In America
Stevie Nicks — Poetry In Motion
Black Sabbath vs. Ozzy Osbourne — Clash Of The Titans
Paul McCartney — Fame And Misfortune

December, 1981
Blondie — Debbie Harry's Dark Roots
Moody Blues — Song Without End
Hall & Oates — Catchy Kind Of Guys
Foreigner — The Less The Merrier
Rossington Collins Band — Will Success Spoil Them?

November, 1981
The Rolling Stones — Confessions Of A Fanatic
Billy Squier — Man On The Run
Journey — Once Captured, Now Escaped
The Allman Brothers Band — Judgment Day
Joe Walsh — Eagle Flies Alone

October, 1981
Queen — Fun In Space
Pat Benatar — The Real Thing
The Doors — Still Lighting Fires
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WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE

(As recorded by Abba)

BENNY ANDERSSON
BJORN ULVAEUS

Here's to us
One more toast
And then we'll
Pay the bill
Deep inside
Both of us
Can feel the autumn chill
Birds of passage
You and me
We fly instinctively
When the summer's over
And the dark clouds hide the sun
Neither you nor I'm to blame
When all is said and done.

In our lives
We have walked
Some strange and lonely treks
Slightly worn
But dignified
And not too old for sex
We're still striving for the sky
No taste for humble pie
Thanks for all your generous love
And thanks for all the fun
Neither you nor I'm to blame
When all is said and done.

It's so strange
When you're down
And lying on the floor
How you rise
Shake your head
Get up and ask for more
Clear-headed and open-eyed
With nothing left untried
Standing calmly at the crossroads
No desire to run
There's no hurry anymore
When all is said and done
Standing calmly at the crossroads
No desire to run
There's no hurry anymore
When all is said and done.

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SHAKE IT UP

(As recorded by The Cars)

RIC OCASEK

Dance all night play all day
Don't let nothing get in the way
Dance all night keep the beat
Don't you worry 'bout two left feet
Just shake it up
Dance all night get real loose
You don't need no bad excuse
Dance all night with anyone
Don't let nobody pick your fun
Just shake it up
Dance all night go go go
Dance all night get real low
Go all night get real hot
Shake it up until you pop
Dance all night whirl your hair
Make the night cats stop and stare
Dance all night go to work
Do the move with the quirky jerk
Just shake it up.

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EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE ONE

(As recorded by Patti Austin)

DOMINIC BUGATTI
FRANK MUSKER

You're a young man, a sweet guy, handsome kinda guy
You got a nice car, a steady job
Money you got plenty of
What can I give the man with everything
Just one thing you need
You need one lovin' woman.

Every home should have one
Two hearts filled with passion
Make your house a happy home
You'll never be alone
When you love one lovin' woman
Every home should have one
(Every home should have one).

I'm a woman longin' for lovin', been longin'
I got ideas plenty of them
I can help you with your problem.

Ooh I'm gonna give to you my everything
Everything you need oh yeah you need.

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COMIN' IN AND OUT OF YOUR LIFE

(As recorded by Barbra Streisand)

RICHARD PARKER
BOBBY WHITESIDE

I still can remember
The last time I cried
I was holding you and loving you
Knowing it would end
I never felt so good
Yet felt so bad
You're the one I love
And what makes it sad
Is you don't belong to me.

And I can remember
The last time I lied
I was holding you and telling you
We could still be friends
Tried to let you go
But I can't you know
And even though I'm not with you
I need you so
But you don't belong to me.

Comin' in and out of your life
Isn't easy
When there's so many nights
I can't hold you
And I've told you
These feelings are so hard to find.
Comin' in and out of your life
Will never free me
'Cause I don't need to touch you, to feel you
It's real with you
I just can't get you out of my mind.

But I can remember
The last time we tried
Each needing more than we could give
And knowing all the time
A stronger love just can't be found
Even though at times this crazy world
Is turning upside down
You'll always belong to me.

Comin' in and out of your life
Isn't easy
When there's so many times I can't hold you
And I've told you
These feelings are so hard to find.

(Comin' in)
Comin' in and out of your life
Will never free me
I don't need to touch you, to feel you
It's so real with you
I can't get you out of my mind
But I can remember.

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ROD STEWART

WINE, WOMEN & SONG

Ladies' Man Cleans Up His Act And Rocks Again

by Anthony Hill

"I'm very generous to my band. I look after 'em," says Rod Stewart over drinks in the bar of a Miami Beach hotel. "When I was with the Jeff Beck Group, they made us share rooms, and we had to get our own taxi to the concert while Beck would take a limousine. It was wicked — we'd never get paid, week in and week out. Once, in New York, we had to go out and steal food. So I know how important it is to look after your band."

Nobody's stealing food on the Rod Stewart tour. The penthouse floor of the hotel is alive at all hours with loud music coming from the open doors of band and crew members' rooms. Young ladies boldly ride the elevator to the top, then peer timidly out into the hall, trying to summon the nerve to venture further.

Down in the bar, three middle-aged men in dinner jackets are setting up their drums, piano and saxophone for the evening show. The members of the Rod Stewart Band hoot and jeer, shouting, "We're still watching the telly!" It's all in good fun, but rock and rollers can be a pretty intimidating lot when they're having a good time.

During the middle of our stay in Miami Beach, I overheard some of the front-desk staff talk about the disturbances of the night before. "I heard they'd been banned from the hotel a few years ago," said one clerk.

"I heard they'd been banned from the *state*," replied the other.

So it's rock and roll as usual for Rod Stewart and his entourage. "Le Grand Tour of America and Canada" rambled around the continent for four solid months, while the album, **Tonight I'm Yours**, climbed the charts. *Young Turks, Tora, Tora, Tora (Out With The Boys), Sonny* and the title track represent a return to the style that made Rod famous. "I've lost all the songs about drinking pina coladas sitting under a parasol," he says. "I was just listening to Ekland all the bloody time, having stupid album covers done. The music was overlooked for a few years there."

Rod blames the influence of former girlfriend Britt Ekland for his foray into fatuousness over the past few years. "It was a bad period in my life. The image was being built for me, and I just let it happen until it ran away with itself," he says, shaking his head. "It was stupid, posing all the time. I deserved the criticism I got, and I certainly did get some.

"We're all allowed to make mistakes, though, and I've come through the other end of the tunnel."

He's not ashamed of the music

Rod Stewart: "It was stupid, posing all the time. I deserved the criticism I got, and I certainly did get some."

Photo by Lynn Goldsmith/ ©LGI

he made in the late '70s — *Hot Legs* and *Da Ya Think I'm Sexy?* were two of the biggest hits of his career — but Rod is pleased to be back on a straight-out rock and roll track. "There's nothing wrong with the rock and roll disco records I made — the Stones and Blondie did it, too, y'know," he says.

The sound he's making with his band now is leaner and meaner than it's been in recent years, too. Longtime drummer Carmine Appice was replaced during the recording of **Tonight I'm Yours** by Tony Brock, formerly of The Babys. "We gave Tony one track to do on the album, and he just seemed to fit in with the band, so it was only a matter of time before Carmine got the elbow," says Rod with a sly wink. "Carmine was technically too good for the band. He hit everything in sight — including my head, some nights!"

Five weeks before the start of the tour, Rod found himself short one guitar player (every band he's ever had has included three guitarists). "Gary Grainger left the band, but

"Alcohol is my close friend. I never smoked marijuana much — I always considered it the Woodstock drug, the drug of hippies."

he was going to rejoin for this tour. Two weeks before the first date, he decided to stay home with his wife and kids," recalls Rod. "I thought, 'That's it, Rod — cancel the whole tour,' until we got Wally Stocker. So we've got two Babys in the band now. The only one left from the original band is Jimmy Cregan — so in six years the whole band's been changed, bar one. And we've got a nearly all-British band now — only two Yanks."

On **Tonight I'm Yours** Rod has returned to his rock and roll roots both for musical textures and lyrics. *Only A Boy* and *Young Turks* are autobiographical, as are many of Rod's best songs. Bernie Taupin, former lyricist for Elton John, wrote a set of lyrics for *Only A Boy*, says Rod, "but he didn't write it the way I saw it. Obviously, he's had a different upbringing from mine, more middle-class as opposed to my working-class. I could see that in his lyrics, so I finished the song myself."

Taupin did contribute words to *Sonny* and *Never Give Up On A Dream*, which is dedicated to Terry Fox, the Canadian cancer victim who attempted to run across Canada despite the fact that he had lost his right leg.

Alan Berliner/TOPIX INC.

Rod and wife, Alana: "I've been a good lad, but it's difficult after you've done a concert to come home, take a bath, go to bed and watch television."

Young Turks, a story of two young people who run away together, also has roots in Rod's own life. "I got a bird 'in the family way,' as we say in England, when I was 18. It wasn't quite as romantic as it should have been," he recalls.

"We did try to explain, especially to her parents, at the time it happened. There wasn't any understanding at all. *Young Turks* wasn't written to exploit it, but teenage pregnancy is still a pretty big issue," he adds.

Rod shakes his head. "There was another pregnancy where a child was born," he says. "I was 18 when she was conceived, so she must be about 18 now. When we last played London, I got a letter saying, 'I'm bringing your daughter, and she doesn't know that you're her father.' It's a frightening thought."

Tora, Tora, Tora (Out With The Boys) is an autobiographical song of a different stripe. "The fun with that song was smashing the bottles and putting on that big fight in the middle," Rod chuckles. "They all laughed at me when I said I wanted a riot, but they sure liked doing it."

During the Britt Ekland years, says Rod, "I hated being in the studio. I couldn't wait to get out on the road. I was writing songs, but there wasn't the same commitment there was before and is now. I want to get into the studio with this new band as soon as we can."

That's not to say that Rod and his mates don't thoroughly enjoy touring. "I love it," he says enthusiastically. "You don't find many people that honestly like the road. I do, and it's surprising after ten years. We misbehave all the way down the line, this lot," he laughs. "It's a sore point with me wife. 'Tis with all the band's wives — they're always phoning up to find out where we are.

"I've been a good lad, but it's difficult after you've done a concert to come home, take a bath, go to bed and watch television. You've got too much steam to let off! It's pretty hard explaining that to somebody who's not in entertainment."

Rod has settled down quite a bit since his party days as Britt Ekland's boyfriend. He is married to the former Alana Hamilton, and they have two children, Kimberly, 2, and Sean, 1. "It's impossible to have two kids and turn around and say that my attitude toward life hasn't changed," he acknowledges. "I'm living two lives now — this one on the road, which I really love — and then when I'm home I'm with the kids. I don't think I'll ever try and combine the two — it's bad enough getting myself out of bed, let alone two kids, wife, nannies, diapers and all that other bollocks."

"I got a letter saying, 'I'm bringing your daughter, and she doesn't know you're her father.' It's a frightening thought."

While touring, Rod maintains a healthy balance between conscientious professionalism and unabashed wildness. "In a nutshell, I do care about my audience. I've been at it too long not to care about everything: what we play, the lights, the sound — everything!" The after-gig partying is offset during the day with a regimen of exercise. He runs a few miles daily to keep in shape. "It's good for me calf muscles," he notes, "but who needs calf muscles?"

So, even though the music is getting more attention now than it has in recent years, Rod is hardly neglecting his need to get crazy. "I'll admit to you, mate, that up to a point I'm an alcoholic. Most musicians are. I don't mean to say that I drink during the day or that I drink all the time, but there's not a day goes by that I don't have a drink. That is enough to make me an alcoholic. It's not a question of being a drunk — I just like the taste of it! Alcohol is my close friend. I never smoked marijuana much — I always considered it the Woodstock drug, the drug of hippies."

So everything's in place: Rod's priorities are with his music, where they belong; he's got a young, hot band behind him; his relationship with Alana is healthy, though occasionally tempestuous; and he's doing what he does best. The crowds have been enthusiastic, and he's given them the energetic performance they've come to expect.

Sporting a pink satin jacket over a t-shirt that reads "Cruel But Fair" and wearing skintight leopard-print pants, Rod struts, prances and dashes back and forth, flinging his white microphone stand high into the air, catching it just in time to sing. During the course of each show, a few dozen soccer balls are rolled out, and Rod juggles them with his feet, pops them into the air and propels them into the crowd off the top of his head. "That was me profession at one time," he tells me later, and it shows in the considerable skill Rod demonstrates as well as his remarkable stamina.

"We had an amazing experience the other night," he says. "At one point I had about 15 brassieres around my waist. I've never seen so many brassieres thrown up on stage — they just kept coming, and I stuck 'em in my trousers. I had them all around — that was a really good concert!"□

Laurie Paladino

Rod Stewart: "I've never seen so many brassieres thrown up on stage. I stuck 'em in my trousers. That was a really good concert."

SCORPIONS

LIFE DURING WARTIME

March Of The German Monsters Lands On Our Shores

by Andy Secher

Bob Leafe

Scorpions' lead singer Klaus Meine leads his German Headbangers on their American invasion.

Germany has never been known as a hotbed of popular music activity, aside from an occasional synthesizer warbling from Tangerine Dream or Kraftwerk. One German band, however, has continually defied their Teutonic heritage by producing some of the best heavy-metal music around. That band is Scorpions, and make no mistake about it, they're painfully aware that not only are they upholding the German rock and roll tradition, they *ARE* the German rock and roll tradition.

"I guess there really aren't too many German bands that have made it," drummer Herman Rarebell said sheepishly. "It's because there are different musical heritages involved. In America and England rhythm 'n' blues has always been a very important force, while in Germany it's relatively unknown. Our popular music stems from traditional folk songs and from opera. That's not to say that some rock and roll hasn't been available to German audiences through records and radio, but it's never been as important as in Britain or America.

"There's also the language barrier," he continued. "When you play rock and roll you have to sing in English if you want an international audience, and that presents a problem for a lot of German bands."

Actually, considering that Rarebell and cohorts Klaus Meine, vocals; Rudy Schenker, guitar; Francis Bucholz, bass; and Mattias Jabs, lead guitar, were probably force-fed Wagnerian operas instead of Ritchie Blackmore guitar solos while growing up on the outskirts of Hamburg, it's surprising that their music displays such a fundamental rock intensity. Since their formation in 1973, Scorpions have produced an exciting series of albums, including **Animal Magnetism, Virgin Killers** and **In Trance**.

While much of their material is borrowed from Purple, Zeppelin and Hendrix, on such classic numbers as *Robot Man* and *Pictured Life*, Scorpions have forged an individual style. Now, with the release of **Blackout**, they've shown that there's plenty of power in the German music scene.

"We may not have been saturated with rock and roll, but we always managed to hear the great bands like Zeppelin," Rarebell said in fluent English. "When we were growing up, there was a large German underground where all the rock releases were available. We also had the chance to hear rock on European radio stations and on Radio Free Europe. There was a big German club scene, which we were part of, and while it wasn't as large as England's, there was some very good music being played. Germany in the early '70s was a great place for a young rock band to start out."

"I think America's ready for us, and I know we're ready for them."

Back in those early days, the group featured the mercurial talents of guitarist Michael Schenker, who appeared on the band's first album, **Lonesome Crow** (available in the U.S. only as an import). Schenker, however, pulled the first of his traditional disappearing acts, and left Scorpions in the midst of the first European tour. A few months later he resurfaced in England as the lead guitarist in UFO. "Michael likes to do his own thing," brother Rudy explained, using an English vocabulary obviously picked up from watching reruns of *Mod Squad*. "He's always been his own man."

support.

"It was a frustrating time for us," Rarebell said. "We knew our music was good, but in America we weren't very successful. We were told by the record company that America was into softer rock at the time, but we knew that there was an audience out there for us. We enjoyed some recognition in Europe, but making it in America had always been our dream. We could never be considered successful without winning the American rock fans."

Scorpions released their fifth LP, **Virgin Killers,** in 1977. The album was brutally ripped by the European music press for its outrageous title and cover

restrictive for his talents, and he opted to start his own band, Electric Sun, which promptly disappeared from the rock scene forever. With a new recording contract, but no lead guitarist, the band was in a frustrating predicament.

"We weren't sure what we were going to do," Rarebell said. "Uli had talked about going off on his own, but we never took him seriously until he didn't show up for rehearsals for a few days. We were very surprised, considering that we had just signed a new contract and things were looking up for us in America. We were about to go into the studio to record **Lovedrive,** our first record

problems that had to be worked out before he could get back into his music. Luckily, we had come in contact with Mattias Jabs at that time, and he was able to step in and help us complete **Lovedrive.** He fit in so perfectly that we asked him to join as a full-time member."

Lovedrive's disjointed recording process was quite evident, but their new record company supported the album and a significant move up the American sales charts followed. Scorpions toured the U.S. for the first time, appearing in such metal-mad strongholds as Cleveland and Chicago. Within weeks of their arrival, they were one of the hottest acts on the American rock and roll circuit. And, after living on the road for the next six months, they returned to Germany to record **Animal Magnetism,** which showcased the band's growing confidence and unity.

"That was a transitional album for us in a number of ways," Rarebell explained. "It was the first one we had recorded with Mattias as a permanent member. It was a very good record, but **Blackout** is even better. We've been able to work with one another for a full year now, and there's no question that we've improved. Our music now is distinctive and exciting."

While the lyrics on numbers like *China White, Arizona* and *Dynamite* remain overly indebted to sophomoric sexual attitudes, **Blackout** presents Scorpions on the verge of becoming true metal superstars. Jabs' guitar riffs exhibit the power of a Panzer Division, and Meine's vocals cut through the sonic barrage like a hot bayonet. **Blackout** is a musical blitzkrieg.

"We're obviously pleased with the album," Rarebell said. "We feel ready to hit big. We've paid our dues and hope this will be the album that makes us stars in America. We'd love to come over and play our whole show instead of just 30 minutes as an opening act. I think America's ready for us," he added with a grin, "and I know we're ready for them."□

Scorpions, from left: Francis Bucholz, Herman Rarebell, Klaus Meine, Mattias Jabs, Rudy Schenker.

Following Schenker's departure, the band recruited an equally talented guitarist, Ulrich Roth (no relation to David Lee), and soon began to hit their stride. With Roth's Hendrix-inspired riffs leading the way, Scorpions produced **Fly To The Rainbow, Taken By Force,** and **Tokyo Tapes,** all volatile and occasionally awe-inspiring demonstrations of the metal craft. Unfortunately, the band's U.S. record label did little to support the group, and they remained virtually unknown outside of certain "enlightened" pockets of

— featuring a naked ten-year-old girl sitting among jagged shards of glass, and the band was forced to replace it with a simple group-shot before its release in the U.S.

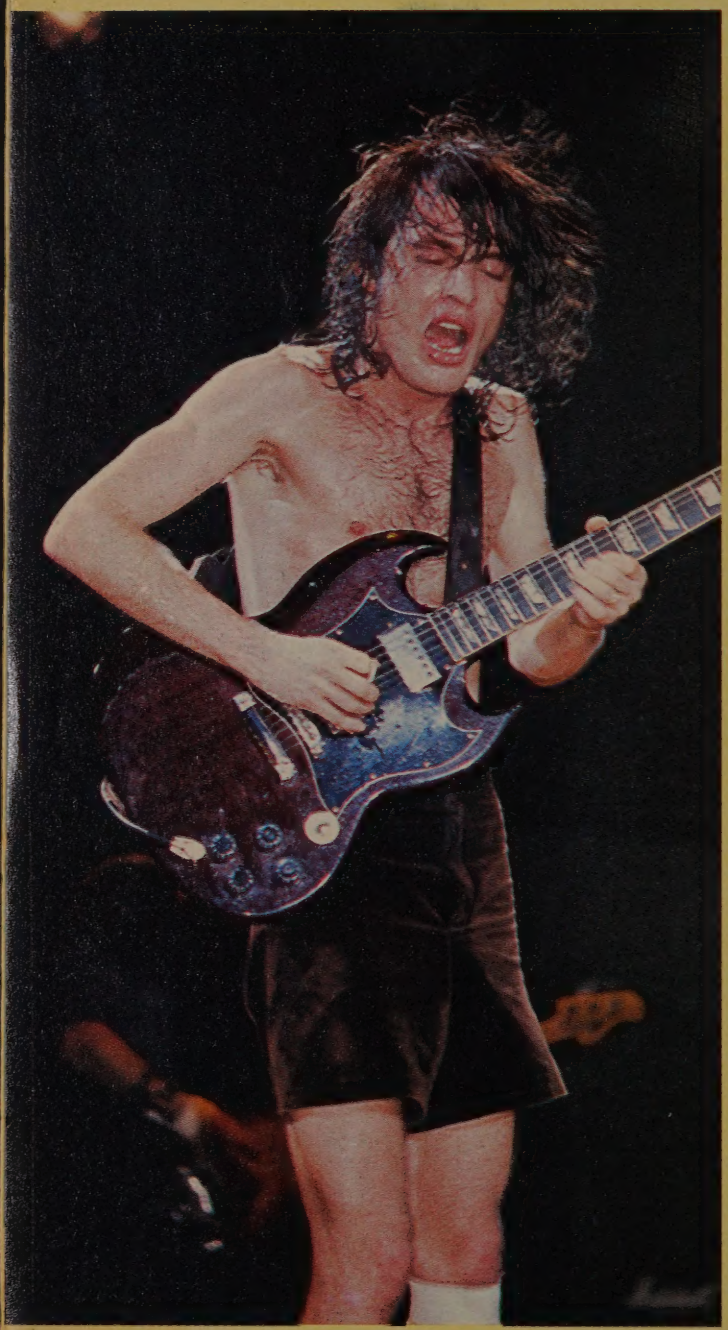
Their career began a series of transitions that has carried them to the brink of stardom. First, they left RCA Records (one company executive still insists that "they were dropped like a dead fish") and signed with Mercury, a far more receptive label. Soon after, however, Uli Roth decided that Scorpions' format was too

for a new label, and we didn't have a lead guitarist.

"It just so happened that Michael (Schenker) had left UFO at that time, and he was back in Germany trying to straighten his head out," Rarebell continued. "It was only natural to try working together again. He's a brilliant musician and we needed one. We rehearsed a few days, played a few live gigs and recorded songs like *Another Piece of Meat* and *Coast to Coast*, but it was obvious that Michael's heart really wasn't into playing. He had personal

by Jim Feldman

Caught IN THE Act



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AC/DC's Angus Young spent the evening skittering around the stage, throwing tantrums on his back and mooning the audience.

AC/DC

AC/DC has no finesse. Which is okay on record, since AC/DC's brand of music for Morlocks is basic hard 'n heavy metal, a furious expenditure of energy intended as sheer release, mindless fun. The band demands, and deserves, to be considered on its own terms; among the thundering power chords, the ominous bottom, and Brian Johnson's splayed and frazzled vocals, there is no evidence of pretensions to anything. Any band that displays an obvious, neurotic obsession with Hell, the color black, and objects such as knives and dynamite, not to mention evil, venom and blood, has got to have a sense of humor about it all, doesn't it?

Of course, as blatant and absurd as the sexual/power metaphors are, one can't dismiss AC/DC's ugly misogynistic bent as mere macho strutting. "I had to fall in love with a dirty little bitch" and similar friendly lines reveal a response to women that just isn't funny or excusable; it's disgusting.

There weren't many females in the crowd at AC/DC's recent concert at the Brendan Byrne Arena in New Jersey. And the girl sitting in front of me certainly wasn't faced with any sort of dilemma regarding the band's attitude. By the fourth song, she was screaming with undeniable joy: "I just can't hear anymore." This made sense. Now, I admit that this was my first heavy metal concert, but IT WAS SO LOUD (how loud was it, Jim?), IT WAS SO LOUD that the chairs vibrated, the ushers wore earplugs, I couldn't hear anything hours after the concert ended, and that same girl let go with an ecstatic "I've got an earache."

Except for Angus Young's repetitious, so-what guitar solos, none of the music had any attention-grabbing clarity. My fellow first-timer and I were both impressed, however, with the crowd's uncanny ability to identify almost every song at its onset, jumping on the first few chords with frenzied roars of recognition and approval.

Which brings us around to AC/DC's lack of, and need of, finesse on stage. Since the music rushed by with such ferocity that one song became structurally indistinguishable from the next, the performance itself should have given some interesting shape to the evening. With singer Brian Johnson relegated to a supporting role (a blessing, given his clumsy jerking around), Angus Young was, for better or worse, the whole show.

As lead guitarist, Angus had to save most of his antics for solos. In his eager, childish fashion, he was funny, skittering around the stage, throwing a tantrum while lying on his back, running into, and being carried around, the audience. Quickly stripping down to the shorts of his schoolboy outfit, he mooned the crowd and later stuck his finger through his fly; he also did lots of overly sexual things with various articles of clothing. But unlike (why not?) Mick Jagger, whose gold-medal gymnastics punctuate the Stones' music, Young's minimal theatrics, crammed predictably into the solo shots, didn't even have the necessary pretense of spontaneity. Showing off is only clever if there is an element of surprise involved.

The relentless sameness of the music and Young's moves became tiresome, not nearly enough to fill ninety minutes. AC/DC, rightly, attempts to overpower its audience, but overkill isn't the best way to do it. Heavy metal is one thing, but this was heavy muddle. Oh, a couple of telling reverse caveat emptors (you know, let the buyer beware): the crowd loved everything, and when I finally regained my hearing, I found myself humming *Highway To Hell*!□

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